

THE
HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF
A
TRAGEDY

As it is Acted by Their
Majesties Servants.
First Edition.

Written by Mr. CROWNE.

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Sir GEO. HEWYTT Baronet,

One of the Lieutenants of His Majesties

Horse Guard.

SIR,
Poor *Darius* is decreed to be unfortunate every where. His Stars pursue him two thousand years after his death, tear his Image, and employ his Friends against him for I am one of 'em. I find him in *Curtius*, a Prince of Valour, Clemency, Justice, and great morall Virtues, suffering under the heaviest calamities; that ever befall Man. And I have much pity for him; and more abhorrence for the Villains that Murder'd him, than those that cut off *Alexander*. *Darius* has no success, the greater still the pity. If *Alexander* moves my pity, tis when he has success, because tis the ruine of his great Virtues. *Darius* never parted with his; nor good nor ill Fortune vanquish'd his Virtue, that *Darius*, of the two, seems the greater Conqueror, and in a common Waggon gord in his Blood, appears a more Glorious Prince, than *Alexander* in his Chariot triumphing over the *Indians*. For *Darius* in all misery triumphs over Fortune. Fortune most insolently triumphs

over *Alexander*. The description *Curtius* gives of him and his Army, when they came from the Conquest of the *Indies*, is a perfect picture of one of our lewd debauchees of quality, coming in the head of drunken Russians from beating a Watch. *Curtius* says, a thousand sober Men might have taken 'em all prisoners. And no doubt, cou'd a lusty whiggish *London* Watch have met with 'em, *Alexander* the Great had been carried to the Counter, notwithstanding his Royal Dignity, or perhaps the sooner for it. Therefore, if *Darius* moves no pity, I am afraid it is not his fault, but mine; and he is once more fallen into ill hands. I am apt to think I committed a fault, in not taking the whole Story; but leaving out Queen *Statira*, and her two Daughters, High-born Princesses, well known to the World, whose misfortunes wou'd have probably mov'd more compassion, than those of a strange Lady, obscurely descended from my Fancy, which I have introduc'd in their stead. But when I first contriv'd and writ this Play, my Judgment was overborn by some I much regard; who told me, those Princesses had been already seen very often, their Beauties wou'd now seem stale, and a new Face be more agreeable. My judgment at that time might be easily born down, for it was weak, as I my Self was, by a tedious sickness, else I had not medled with Tragedy; for there is nothing more plain, than that the humor of the present Age runs quite to another extreme, too far. Nor do the present Company of Actors abound with Tragedians enough, to master that Humor. And they have no reason to contend with it, since they can please at a much cheaper rate, by
Farce

The Epilogue Explanatory.

Farce and Comedy, and truly so can I, they cost me less pain than Tragedy does. But when I first medled with this Play, and long after, I was not in Humor for Comedy. A Poet, like a Fiddle, will never sound merrily in wet weather. The Trebles, which are the strings for Jigs, I will not endure stretching. So I was forced on grumbling Tragedy; and having done something in it, was loth to lose my labour. Thus much I am willing to say against myself, because it is Truth. But as I will not be arrogant, so not over-lawning, because there is Foppery and Affectation in both. A misfortune fell upon this Play, that might very well dizzy the Judgments of my Audience. Just before the Play began, Mrs. Barry was struck with a very violent Fever; that took all Spirit from her, by consequence from the Play; the Scenes she acted fell dead from her; and in the 4th Act her distemper grew so much upon her, she could go on no farther, but all her part in that Act was wholly cut out, and neither spoke nor Read; that the People went away without knowing the contexture of the Play, yet thought they knew all. Now we know, how hard it is to recover the Reputation of one that's executed; it is almost as hard as it is to recover his Life. The circulation of Blood is stop't in the Strangled; and the circulation of Reason in the Living, by violent prepossessions. And when the multitude are posses't of any thing, it is not easy to get it from them. They have great Strength and Authority too. And not alone in these trifles, but in things of the highest consequence, even in matters of Religion. As in these toys, People dare not be pleas'd, but as they find others are, so

The Epistle Dedicatory.

in Religion, they dare not be sav'd, but in the way they find others go. Now though in matters of Religion, where Truth is of great concernment, and to suffer for it, Honourable and Advantageous, a Man may boldly contend with the whole World; but in so foolish a Cause, as whether the fall of *Darius* be a good Story of a Play, and whether I have manag'd it well, or no, to hector the World, if it dares differ from me, wou'd be notorious Arrogance and Folly; nay, Injustice too: for let Men have what Opinions they will, of this Play, they have paid me for 'em, and paid me handsomely, why shou'd I seek to take it from 'em? I will then say no more concerning the Play; if that be faulty, I must take care to have the fewer faults in my self. But certainly I shall not be endur'd by any good Man, nay, even by my self, if I shou'd not here take occasion, to render, with all possible Humility and Dutifulness, my Thanks to His Majesty, for the Honour of his Presence, on the Day which was to be for my advantage; which He was pleased to Grant me, out of a most Gracious and Royal regard to what had formerly appear'd well in me, both as a Poet and a Subject. I know not how the Minds of others are wrought upon; but such a piece of Royal Justice and Favour is to me more strong than a Law to bind me for ever to my good Behaviour. I cannot also forbear to mention the many special Favours, I have receiv'd from the present Lord Chamberlain. Obligations are Chains, but when they come from Princes, and Men of worth, they are badges of

of Honour, and a Man is tempted to shew 'em, when he goes abroad, I confess, not only my Gratitude, but my Vanity, makes me name him, Past dispute his excellent Understanding, and many other great Qualities, are an Ornament to his High Office; then well may His Favours be a Grace to me.

Now, S I R, I shall come to you, I have receiv'd several kindnesses from you, have found in you at all times, an inclination and readiness to do me any friendly Office; all which have extremely won upon me; and I am very uneasy under Obligations, till I have made some return. But I can make no other, than of this kind, which I therefore beg you to accept. It is true, common Dedicators have brought this sort of Addresses into as much contempt, as common Evidences have done Swearing. The true and first intent of 'em was Sacred. A Dedication ought to be a little Chappel, Consecrated to the Memory of some Friend of Worth; and a Repository of Holy Reliques. Now 'tis become like the *Temple Church*, a place where Knights of the Post ply; that are ready to say any thing for any one. But I have kept a better Reputation in the World, you will come amongst good company. There are few Names fixt before my Writings, but may serve like the Phenix's, on the Front of our new Buildings, for marks of Insurance; and might

injure 'em, were it possible. But I come to you with no such foolish design. For how ridiculous, and unreasonable is it, to desire another to defend my impertinence? An office no wise Man will undertake, and the greatest Man that is cannot perform. My Writings, when they are out of my hand, are no longer mine; the World pays for 'em, and will manage 'em as they please. All care of 'em is vain, therefore I take none. My Honesty no Man shall dispose of but myself. 'Tis to preserve that, and not my Writings, I beg your leave for this Address; and I would not accept your leave, if it would cost me any flattery. You have liv'd in the last Court; and this, with great Reputation. Have approv'd yourself, to be a Man of Honour, Loyalty, Courage, Generosity, good Sense, good Nature, and good Morals; which ought to be celebrated for the publick Good, which too much wants such examples. I know how ill the sick and corrupt World, digests the least praise of any but themselves. How rye'd even good Men are, if you lead 'em far into the commendation of any Man; and the bad will not go along with you, but on some ill design. Therefore I shall keep where I am safe, where every Man will be o' my side. No Man that knows you, but confesses you to be one of the worthiest Gentlemen they know. I shou'd therefore shew very lie-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the worth of myself, if I shou'd slight both your Fa-
vour and Talent. And, SIR, I hope you, who
have forgiven Writings of mine, that shew my Fol-
lies; will not be displeas'd with this Dedication,
where I shew the few Virtues I have, my Justice,
and Integrity, which are the best claims I have to
the Title of

SIR,

Your most Humble

and Oblig'd Servant,

JOHN CROWN

THE

Dramatis Personæ.

Darius, *King of Persia.*

Artabafus, { *A Nobleman, of great Quality, Loyalty,
Years, General of all the King's Ar-
mies.*

Bessus, *Viceroy of Bactria.*

Nabarzanes, *Viceroy of Hircania.*

Memnon, { *A beautiful valiant Loyal young Man,
Son of Bessus---by an Amazon Queen.*

Patron, { *A valiant faithful Greek; General of the
Greek Auxiliaries, that serve in the Persian
Army.*

Dataphernes, *A Bactrian Officer that serves under Bessus.*

Barzana, { *A beautiful Princess o' the Royal Blood, Mar-
ried to Bessus.*

Oronte, *Her Confident.*

SCENE, *The Plains, and Town of Arbela in Persia.*

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

WHen a young Writer Poetry first wooes,
 Oh! how he's charm'd with a fond flatt'ring Muse;
 Scorns Physick, Law, Divinity; he climbs
 To Heaven, by Ladders made o' Ropes o' Rhimes.
 Finds Heaven and Gold in Verse, and while he pores,
 He pities Judges, Bishops, Chancellors;
 They ne'r attain his Joys, they'r Rich; and Great,
 But he's above 'em all, for he's a Wit;
 A Prince in Verse, and Princes Titles give.
 His Pen at will makes Honour dye, or live.
 He dubb's this Man a Knave, a Coxcomb that;
 Gives any Brow a horny Coronet.
 Orders some famous Beauty every hour
 His Letters Patents to be call'd a Whore,
 Deserv'd, or not, he does it all by Power.
 Thus like a Beau, and Bully o' the Town,
 He by debauching Beauties gets Renown:
 That is, their Names, for he enjoys not one,
 Thus was our Poet, by his Muse drawn in;
 'Tis true, she always innocent has been,
 Kept Shop, like a good creditable Cit,
 But traded in damn'd never thriving Wit.
 Lawyers have Fees, howe'r their Causes go,
 And Parsons with lean Sermons fat can grow.
 Of Lawyers your undoing you must buy;

And 1

The Prologue.

And Doctors will not cheaply let you dye;
The vilest Quack by ignorance can get,
More than the best of Poets by his Wit.
Then you may ask, Why will the Poet Write?
He says, his Genius bids, and Hours invite.
No lumbering business in his way is laid,
His Life's a private and a vacant Shade;
And with design, both to instruct and please,
He plants the Walks with various Images.
And humbly prays you, if with Art he writes,
You'll not take pains to damn your own Delights.
Nay, do not damn him much, if he writes ill;
For then he writes like you—that is Gentle.

DARIUS,

Darius, King of Persia

The Fields may, all the heavens seem to flash,
And give us room, and we have room to flash.
Where we were this morn'g, the King's army
Peg'd in with Mountains that elop'd their wings,
And in the air, our bodies, till the sun
As thick as flowers, did fly, and all the
This multitude with Arms, and armour to light,
And his own glorious example, too,
Let us be as he was, and we shall be
We that be to the King's army, and
Of the King's army, and we shall be
Our Portents, Waves and Clouds, and all here
I and you, and your fair Princess here
The King's late beautiful Cousin
Be, she is my Lord,
Ar. Would you not rather be my Lord,
Than give us room, and we have room to flash.
Be, she is my Lord,
Ar. Would you not rather be my Lord,
Than give us room, and we have room to flash.

DARIUS,

King of PERSIA.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Field; Trumpets Sound.*

Enter Artabazus, Belus, Nabarzanes, Memnon, Patroon, Darnepheres, Persians, Bactrians, Greeks.

Ar. **S**O now, my Lords, the dreadful day is near,
That will for ever ruin, or confirm
The greatest Throne, that ever the Sun saw,
To Morrow, oh! to Morrow, thou art big
With vast events; time never produc'd the like.
At *Granicus* we had not half our strength.

But in this Army is all *Persia*.

Be. I think, my Lord, we are effective Men
Seven hundred thousand.

Ar. Ay, and more, my Lord.

Na. Yet, of all these, my Lord, you and I lead
Scarce Fifteen thousand.

Be. Silence.

Ar. We have left
Our Cities, Towns, and Fields, all desolate;
That one wou'd think the Conqueror had been the
The Valleys bend beneath us, the Hills groan;

Darius, King of Persia.

The Fields, nay, all the Heavens seem to stretch,
 And give us room; and we have room to Fight.
 We are not here at the *Cilician* Streights,
 Where we were pris'ners e're the Fight begun;
 Penn'd in with Mountains that clipp'd both our wings,
 And squeez'd our Bodies close, till it became
 As weak, and slender as the Enemy.
 The King has done his Duty, furnish'd all
 This multitude with Arms, and Ground to fight,
 And his own Glorious example too.
 Let us do ours, but dare be Conquerors,
 We shall be so, we must be so, or Ghosts,
 Or worse, poor wretched Slaves, our Liberties
 Our Fortunes, Wives and Children, are all here.
 Lord *Bessus*, is not your fair Princess here,
 The King's late beauteous Gift?

Be. She is, my Lord.

Ar. Wou'd you not rather see that Beauty dead,
 Than given up to *Macedonian* Lust?

Be. She shall be rather by my Sword enjoy'd.

Ar. And here I see your Son, a Noble Youth.

Me. Oh! my good Lord.

Ar. Lord *Memnon*, give me leave.

I think, Lord *Bessus*, I have heard you say,
 An *Amazonian* Queens warlike Embrace
 Presented you this Gift.

Be. 'Tis true, my Lord.

Ar. Believe it, 'Twas a bounty to the World.

Me. Nay, now my Lord.

Ar. Nay, pray, let me be just.

Who wou'd not grieve to see this worth in chains?
 And yet, now I reflect, more worth than his,
 Ay, or than half our Kingdom is in chains.
 Even half our King is there; and almost all
 The Royal Blood, but what is in his veins.
 His Mother, Brother, Daughters, little Son,
 Nay more, his beauteous Queen are Slaves to those,
 To whom they once scorn'd to be Sovereigns.
 Two Royal Virgins in their early Spring

Lye like fallen Blossoms, at their Mother's feet.
At her fair Bosom hangs her Infant Son
A withering branch, torn from his once great hopes;
He, who was lately Heir of half the World,
Is now, not Lord of his poor little Self,
His greatest happiness is Ignorance;
He does not know the Glory he has lost,
But hugs the Enemy that ruins him.
The Conqueror cannot see this, without Tears,
And cursing his unfortunate success.
And then, oh! Can it be endur'd by us?
But I may spare all this, to Men so brave,
So tryed, as you have to your Glory been,
Lord *Bessus*, *Nabarzanes*, and your Troops.

Na. We may one day be tryed upon your selves. *(aside.)*

Be. Silence, Lord *Nabarzanes*—have a care— *(aside.)*

Ar. Fortune, Lord *Bessus*, seems afraid of you.
She's *Alexander's* Mistress, but your Slave;
She gives him Favours, but you ravish 'em.
At our great blow, at the *Cilician* Straights
All came off safe, as priviledg'd from Fate,
That kept within the precincts of your Sword.

Be. Indeed, my Lord, my *Bactrian* did well.

Ar. And you, Lord *Patron*, and your valiant *Greeks*,
Must give me leave to, give you your due praise:
These gallant Men are to our Fortune tryed
By indispensable Allegiance.

But you are strangers, loose from any bonds.

Pa. My Lord, we are for ever bound to you
By Gratitude, and Honour; *Greece* indeed
Gave us our birth, but you our happiest hours,
That our best Blood is yours.

Ar. Most Noble Lord;
Well, If we fail to-morrow 'twill be strange,
We have the strength of this vast Monarchy,
The justice of our Cause, Necessity,
Ay, and th' inconstancy of Fortune too,
That mutability which ruin'd us,
In the last Field, may be our Friend the next.

Darius, King of Persia

Now to your Tent, and take a brief repose,
That so prepar'd, you may not be surpris'd.
The King suspects, these *Macedonian* Thieves
Will act like Thieves, and steal on us by night,
They will not dare to look on us by day;
And therefore he has wisely given Command,
Great part o' th' Army be in Arms all night;
And all be ready at the Trumpets sound.

Be. 'Tis wisely order'd.

Ar. Now, my Lords, Good Night.

Be. My Lord, we wish your Excellence Good night.

Heaven give us all to Morrow a Good Day.

Pa. Ple to my Charge, my Lords, Good night to you. *(Ex. Pa.)*

Be. Good Night, Lord *Phron*; this is a brave Greek.

Na. And our old General a brave *Persian*.

Be. He's like the Sun, a Largesse to the World;
And not to be consum'd by age or toil.

Na. The King, and he, are th' only gallant Men
In this whole Nation.

Be. *Memnon*, to your Tent.

Mem. Good Night, my Lord.

Be. He's honest, but he's young.

Our talk has too much weight for his green youth.

Na. And our Affairs, I think, have so much weight,
We shall not sleep beneath 'em much to night.

Be. 'Tis true, my Lord, come let us to my Tent,
Come with us, *Dataphernes*.

Da. Ay, my Lord.

All go out, and re-enter immediately.

Scene, Beilus's Tent.

Be. Our Fortune places us in a strange Post;
For we are bound to fight against our selves.
Let who will conquer, we shall be subdued.
For, say the *Persian* Army gets the day,
We know they cannot do it without us;
The noble fruits of our own Gallantry
Will all be set in this luxurious Soil.

Our

Darius, King of Persia.

Our Swords will be as barren as our Lands.

These Cowards must rule the Brave, by whom they rule.

Dat. They Govern us! they ha' not power to rule.

Men, Wine, or Women; or their own Silk-worms.

The Men are all devour'd by Luxury,

And *Alexander* only has the Orbs.

Na. Therefore they'r nauseous both to Heaven and Earth.

And it is insolence, in mortal Man,

To force upon the Gods what they disgust.

Cram Nations down the throat of Providence,

Which it throws up again in every field.

Dat. I do declare, I'd no more fight, to guard

The King's Dominions over heartless Cowards,

Than I wou'd fight for Eagles, to defend

Their Principality over the Birds.

Be. Nay, I have ever thought, a *Persian King*,

Was at the most but Master of a Mint.

Persia has Gold and Jewels, but no Men;

It has been long depopulated; all

By Slavery, and Vice; by Women too.

Women shou'd fill, and they unman, their Towns,

War lays 'em not so wast, War mars and makes.

This War has made more Men, than it has kill'd;

The slaughter'd heaps were only loads of Clay,

Where there was the Image of a Man.

Na. My Lord, they are all Images of Whores.

They march into the field, rather equip'd

Like Ladies for a Bath, than Troops for War.

Like Women too, with weapons weaponless,

They dye unwounded by the sight of Wounds;

And serve the Ravens up in many Place.

The *Persian* Crows are fed in greater pomp

Than Kings of *Macedon*.

Dat. Oh! never cowards

Were at more cost; nobly to hide themselves.

The Men cannot be seen for Plumes, and Gold.

Nor can the Gold for Diamonds be seen.

The Royal Metc is oppress'd by Jewels.

Their modest Swords, which abhor nakedness;

(Though

Darius, King of Persia.

(Though Heaven knows in State of Innocence)
Sleep in their Scabbards, as in Velvet Beds,
Under rich Coverlids of cluster'd Pearl.

Na. And to what end is this, they only prove
Fine Sumpter Horses to the Enemy,
To carry Baggage for 'em to the field.

Be. Yet they must Lord it o'rebrave Nations,
Who can subdue both Men and Elements.
How does our naked flesh vanquish the cold?
How oft is Snow our only Winter Shirt?

Na. Yet does our Gallantry far exceed theirs.
We have no Ladies Favours on our Swords,
But Victories, the Favours of the Gods,
Are always there.

Be. No thanks to *Persians*,
Who do not only quit us in the field,
And so most cowardly expose our lives,
But stint our Troops, that they may starve our Fame.
I have five thousand Horse, and only fight
To be a slave to Cowards.

Na. Nay, to Brutes.
Europeans are Men, for they enjoy
Their Reason, wisely gather'd into Laws.
Here they are Brutes, for on'y strength commands.
Our only Law is, that there is no Law.
All things are lawful here, to Power, but Laws.
The only rule of Justice, here, is Might,
The strong devour the weak, and no wrong done.
The Wolf is not unjust that eats the Lamb.
The Lamb is in the wrong to be a Lamb.

Be. In short, the Nature of the King is mild,
But cruel is the Nature of his Crown.
Then to whose lot soever it befalls,
If I survive, they shall not keep it long,
Not, that I mean to fix it on my Head,
But to Crown Nature, Freedom, and Sense,
In which, all Men have equal shares with me.

Na. My Lord, you'll have a Crown in those great Thoughts;
Not what's without, but what's within the Brow,

Should

Darius, King of Persia.

7

Shou'd be the mark of Sovereign Dignity.

Be. How goes the night away?

Na. The Morning Star

Long since gave Darkness warning to be gone.

Dat. See, see, 'tis gone, the day possesses Heaven.

Be. Nay, then 'tis time, we wait upon the King.

Na. 'Tis more than time, no doubt he's come abroad,
I see his Golden Chariot guild that Hill.

Be. Then he is there viewing the Enemy.

Dat. Now all the shining Crowd descend this way.

Let us go pay our adorations.

Na. Our Adorations to a mortal Man? ha! ha!

Be. Now Gods aid us, whoever you destroy.

These Kings but for one Man their Swords employ.

Each for himself has all his Force design'd,

We fight for you, and for a'l your Mankind.

They wou'd be Sovereign Lords, but I contend

Only 'to be your Creatures Sovereign Friend. ———

Ex.

All sorts of Martial Musique. Enter Priests bearing Fire on Silver Altars; Then a train of Officers in Golden Robes and Colours; Then Darius, follow'd by Artabazus, Bessus, Nabarzanes, Memnon, Patron. The King surveys 'em; and all prostrate themselves, and kiss the ground; Patron excepted, who only bows.

Dat. I gave command, the ground where I expect

The Enemies Horse to Charge, shou'd be stuck full

Of sharp and bearded Irons, but with marks

For us to know, and shun 'em. — Is it done?

Ar. 'Tis, Mighty Sir.

Dat. 'Tis well, I am inform'd,

Our rest, fierce Enemies are become wise.

The sight of this vast dreadful multitude

Has cool'd their boiling Blood.

Be. Sir, so we hear.

Mem. Sir, 'Tis no more than Truth, and what I saw,
I was commanded, with a thousand Horse,
To make discovery how the Enemy lay.

Exit

Darius, King of Persia.

Fear was to them a multiplying Glass.

They believ'd all your Army was come down;

And cryed, *Darius*—Arm——*I Darius* here!

Your Royal Name alone half routed 'em.

Nay, I was told even *Alexander* fear'd

The dreadful Shouts of your vast multitudes

Shook Forests, Mountains, and the Conqueror's Heart;

And gave us time to make a good retreat.

Pa. Nay, if that Prince has Fear, it comes from Heaven,

For Terror is not natural to him.

Da. 'Tis true; the *Omen* appears promising.

Enter Dataphernes.

Da. The Eunuch *Tyriotes*, Royal Sir,

That lately did attend upon the Queen,

Has made escape out of the Enemies Camp,

And brings some mournful news.

Da. Hal from my Queen?

Da. His Eyes are drown'd in Tears, and Garments torn.

Da. Nay, then it is my turn to tremble now;

If ill but threatens her, it destroys me.

Bring hither *Tyriotes*,——bring my death.

Be. Were it not better, Sir, defer the news,

And not begin the day?——

Da. Dispute my Will?——

Enter Tyriotes.

Come hither, speak, while I have sense to hear.

Silence is vain, thy Garments and thy Eyes

Plunge me into a thousand tort'ring fears.

Speak——Do not spare me, 'cause thou see'st me Grieve,

For I have learnt to be unfortunate,

And to the wretched 'tis a little ease,

To know how far their Misery will extend,

—Oh! I distrust one thing, I hate to think

Much more to speak.——Thou com'st to let me know

She whom I prize above my Crown and Life,

Has in her miserable vassalage,

Receiv'd

Receiv'd Indignities I cannot name.

Say — ease my Torments — stab me with the Truth:

Ty. Oh! let not, Sir, vain fears, afflict your Heart,

Your real cause of sorrow, is too much.

But oh! the generous Conqueror paid your Queen

All Honours, that a Slave cou'd give his Prince;

He rather did appear a Slave to her.

But now She is no more — your Queen is dead.

Ar. How? the Queen dead?

Da. — Martyr'd for Chastity —

Tis so — tis so — She did oppose his Lust

And he has murder'd her. — Barbarian. —

What injuries have I done to thee, and thine,

That thou shou'dst take this infamous revenge?

There's no just reason for thy War on me,

But say, 'tis Glorious to subdue a King,

Can it be so to violate a Queen?

Cou'dst thou not spare her Beauty, and her Sex?

Ty. Oh! Sir, he did. — again y'afflict your self
With Visions, Shadows. — She receiv'd from him

All kind, and honourable usage, Sir.

Da. Ha! kind?

Ty. Yes, Sir — for when She dyed, he wept;
You cannot more lament.

Da. Ha! This is worse —

There was a friendship grown between them then.

And he had Favours from her. — it was so —

Men lament not the death of Enemies.

I cannot bear the Thought.

Ty. Oh! hear me, Sir.

Da. I wou'd have privacy — away — be gone — { Ex. all but
This is not fit for any Ears but mine, { Da. and Ty.
No, nor for mine — for it will make me mad.

Ty. Oh! Sir, indeed.

Da. Preparing to deceive?

Ty. No — Sir —

Da. It will be folly — have a care

For now my Grief is height'ned into Rage —

My Tears are turn'd to Fire, then do not lye

Her

C

By

So

Darius, King of Persia.

By Lying, thou wilt fool thy self, not me.
For if I find thou dost conceal the Truth,
The Rack shall force it from thee.

Ty. I'll speak Truth.

Da. Do ——— thrust me not upon extremities.
For Cruelty and I never agreed.

In sparing thy own self, thou wilt spare me.
I do conjure thee, by the love thou bear'st
Thy self, or me, deliver me the Truth.

Tell me ——— oh! Whither am I going now?

But must go on, though the way lead to Hell.

Tell me if *Alexander* ——— fortunate ———

Victorious ——— young and brave ——— did not attain ———

What I'm asham'd to ask, and dread to know. ———

Ty. No, Sir, indeed

Da. Lye not.

Ty. I will not, Sir ———

What should I gain by telling you untruth?

Da. Hopes of my Favour by soft flattery.

Ty. Sir, here I freely offer up these Limbs
To any torment that can be endur'd.

There's strength enough in Truth, to bear e'm all,

And then I hope you will believe me, Sir.

Da. This is all cunning to avoid the Rack,

But that thou shalt not do ——— ho! bring the Rack,

Ty. With all my heart.

Da. So bold? I like it well.

He cannot love my Ease, more than his Flesh;

Bring torments on himself, to soften mine.

Thou hast half won me to thee ——— speak ——— I'm calm.

Ty. Then I appeal to all the Powers Divine. ———

Oh! now attest my Truth, attest your selves ———

If I deliver Fictions to the King,

You are all Fictions, if you spare my Head.

The virtuous Conqueror did treat the Queen

With all the Honour, Virtue, and the pure

Religion due, to one so much Divine.

He never saw her beauteous Face but once.

And then, to give her comfort for her loss.

Her Divine Beauties only tempted him,
To greater Virtue; and he did not serve
His Pleasure, but his Glory, by her charms.
He serv'd her Honourably in her life;
And when She dyed, he mourn'd the publick loss,
And gave her Royal pompous Funerals.

Da. Oh! *Alexander*, thou hast vanquish'd me.
Till now, thy Fortune only conquer'd mine.
But now thy Virtues have subdued my Soul;
Have thrown me down, into a weeping Slave;
I blush to shew my Face.—But all these Tears
Must not be thine; my Queen must share with thee,
Whose Honour I have wrong'd. Oh! thou bright Shade
Of my chaste Queen, forgive my jealousy—
It was th' excess, and frenzy of my Love.
Now, you great Gods, Protectors of my Throne,
I first implore your Favour to my Right.
Restore the Throne to me, the lawful Lord.
But if your powerful mysterious Wills
For ever have excluded me and mine,
Oh! give this Great and Glorious Monarchy,
To this so Brave, so Just, and Glorious Prince.
I humbly beg it, for my Peoples sake.
How happy will they be, under a Prince,
Whose Virtues make Captivity a Joy?
Now call the General to me, and the rest.

Enter Ar. Be. Na. Me. Pa. Dat.

I like not the beginning o' this day,
'Tis a dark Morning, for my Light's eclips'd,
—Gone down—and I shall never see her more,
I wou'd redeem my Children, save their right,
And give Renown and Victory to my Friends,
To all my People Peace and Happiness.
I care not then how soon I'm with my Queen.

Ar. The King is sad and pensive.

Pa. Yes, I see't,
With no small trouble, for it bodes no good.

Da. Come to our work, the Enemy draws on,
And 'tis a shame so few shou'd challenge us.

Be. Nay, he is rash, and puts great confidence
In light, uncertain Fortune, who is soon
Tir'd with her Favourites; soonest of all
With Prodigals like him, She has no fund
Of bottomless successes, to maintain
A mad eternity of rash attempts.

Da. Forbeare, and do not rudely touch his Name
Who with such gentleness treats all my Friends.
Revile him not, subdue him if you can;
Let's fight him well, for that he'll give us thanks.
Now by our *Persian* Tutelary Gods;
By the Eternal Fire before us born,
By the Sun's splendor rising in My Realms;
And even a Sacred, Glorious Native here,
By *Cyrus's* immortal memory,
By your own Honours, I conjure you all.
Transmit the *Persian* Glory, you receiv'd
From your brave Ancestors, to your own Race.
Do——— as you see me do, I'll ask no more.
If I be mounted, on a Chariot
Above you all, 'tis to be seen of all;
By my example to instruct you all.
Seek not one danger you see me decline;
Nor let one Bolome have more wounds than mine.

(Exit.)

All go off. A noise of a Battle.

Enter Bessus and Dataphernes.

Be. Pursue, pursue, improve our good success,
The day's our own, the great *Parmenio*
Greatest of *Macedonians*, gives ground.
Pursue, and we are Masters of their Camp
And then their Baggage, and their Souls are ours;
For in their Baggage lies the greedy Souls
Of these poor Thieves, they only fight for Gold.
But we for Glory and Dominion.

Des.

Darius, King of Persia. C

13

Dat. My Lord, when we are Masters of their Camp,
We'll free our pris'ners — we have thousands there,
Who Free, and Arm'd, will fall on th' Enemy,
With fury whetted on their iron Chains,
Sharp for Revenge. —

Be. 'Tis well advis'd — fall on — (Exit.

*A noise of Fighting — Pris'ners run over the Stage shaking of
their Chains, and shouting.*

Enter Bessus and Nabarzanes at several doors.

Be. The news, the news, my Lord?

Na. Undone, undone.

Be. What say you? Undone?

Na. By the King's Gallantry.

Be. His Gallantry's no news. — we know him brave.
Where did you leave him?

Na. Fighting hand to hand
With Alexander.

Be. Ha! a Glory indeed.
And to be cover'd above a Crown.

Oh! Gods, shou'd Alexander fall by him —

Na. I fear'd it, and drew off upon pretence,
To Wheel, and Charge the Enemy ith' rear,
Indeed, to leave him to his Persian Cowards.

A howl — (A great Howl and Cry is heard.

Enter Artabazus.

Ar. All's lost my Lord: — the King is kill'd.

Na. Ha! the King kill'd, my Lord?

Be. Nay, then all's won —
The Kingdom's ours — Ha! I forget my self.

The Gods forbid, How do you know, my Lord?

Ar. I was inform'd by those that saw him fall.
Did you not hear an universal howl?

Na. We did, and thought you were from dying Men.

Ar. Nay, I believe by this time, they are dead, down with'd
For

Darius, King of Persia.

For with the King, the Hearts of thousands sunk,
And our despairing Men no longer fought
For Victory, but death; and had their wish,
For thousands dye, and by a thousand ways.

Na. Then by survivorship, the World's our own. — (aside.

Ar. Away, and carry off, if possible,
The Royal Body, for our Honours sake,
For our dear fallen King, and Countries sake,
'Tis all the service we can do 'em now.

Na. Here's brave Lord Patron

Enter Patron.

Ar. We will beg his aid.
My Lord, my Lord, our gallant King is kill'd.

Pa. 'Tis false.

Be. How, false?

Na. I'm sorry to hear that. — (aside.

Pa. 'Twas nothing but his Charioteer that fell.

Ar. Oh! then that fatal error ruin'd us,

Pa. No, your Mens cowardize has ruin'd you.

Ar. Methinks, I have some hopes, if the King lives,

Pa. Of what? For though the gallant King's alive;

He's almost the sole Persian that has life,

Or has had any since the day begun.

Before a stroke was struck, the Cowards died;

Stabb'd by the glittering of th' Enemies Steel.

The Macedonians had no more to do,

But to inter the Dead; throw dirt to dirt,

I mean, heap Carcasses on Carcasses,

A very pious work. And for my part,

I think 'tis Sacrilege to hinder 'em. —

So, I am going—for I find, we come

Not to a Battle, but a Funeral.

Ar. You'll not desert the King whilst he's in th' Field?

Pa. He's fled, I forc'd him to it. I was inform'd

He rush'd with too much bravery, into th' Heart

Of the Enemies, to tear away the life.

I mean, the valiant Macedonian King;

I fearing much his danger (not alone,

From

From his brave Enemies, but his base Friends)
 March'd to his aid. — And found him, as I fear'd,
 Left by his Men; and fighting not alone
 With *Alexander*, but all *Macedon*.
 All the King's Fire warm'd not his heartless Men,
 But scar'd 'em, for they fled like Ghosts from Day.
 The Enemies Trumpets blew 'em all away.
 No doubt they wou'd have fled, had the Cocks crow'd;
 As, they say, guilty timorous Spirits do.
 I interpos'd between the two brave Kings,
 And made the *Macedonians* retreat;
 Then shew'd the King his frightful Solitude;
 How all his *Persian* Guards lay in himself,
 And his sole safety in a quick retreat;
 Else he wou'd fall into the Enemies hands.
 Then in despair, and rage, he bent his Sword,
 Against his own brave life. I held his hand,
 And with kind violence forc'd him to fly.
 And I am told, he's towards *Arbela* gone.
 I'll follow him—I will not kill brave Men.
 To defend Cowards, who deserve not life. (Exit)
Ar. Persia, thy Glory's lost. (Exit)
Na. But ours begins.
Be. It does, and *Patron* lyed, the King's not fled.
Darius is indeed; but the King's dead.
 Here fallen lye, his Empire, and our Chains,
 Now a fresh stronger hand shall take the Reins. (Exit)

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, A Room in the Palace at Arbela.

Enter Artabazus, Dataphernes.

Ar. **L**ord Bessus with his *Bactrian* Horse in Town?

Dat. Just come, my Lord. Lord *Nabarzanes* too,
With his bold *Scythians* are not far behind.

Ar. This is reviving news——the King has now
Considerable strength——see, my Lord's here.

Enter Bessus, Barzana, Oronte.

Oh! my Lord *Bessus*, welcome from the Grave
For the devouring Fields you left behind,
Are but one Grave of many miles extent.

Be. 'Tis true; where half the Kingdom lies interr'd.
Where is the King, my Lord?

Ar. I do not know.
I mean the Glorious King you saw to day,
March to the Field; with pomp that made the day.
It had more light from him, than from the Sun.
Here's a despairing, and deserted Prince,
That came to Town a private Charioteer,
And has not only lost Dominion
Over great Nations; but his Royal Self.
His Passions rule, which they ne'r did before;
And rule so ill, the gallant Enemy

Wou'd (I'm sure) treat him with more gentleness.

Be. No wonder, he has had a heavy blow.

Ar. What Lady have you there?

Be. My Wife, my Lord.

Ar. Oh! Madam, I'm in doubt, if I may say
I'm glad your life is safe, for I believe
'Tis better to be dead, than as we are.

Be. Not so, my Lord, we may recover all.
I find great numbers of brave Men in Town.
The King has yet great Provinces entire,

And

And chiefly *Bactria*, where I command.
There are a thousand Towns well fortified,
Where the proud Conquerors Fortune may be lost,
As in a Labyrinth with a thousand doors;
And the King scape, and re-ascend his Throne.
Therefore he need not much submit to grief.

Ar. Alas! He grieves not only for himself,
But all his suffering Friends; for you, and me.
The griefs and losses of his faithful Slaves,
Are all of ours, that he wou'd ever share.
Other Proprieties he'd never touch,
Though he be Lord of all; but wou'd neglect
All Right, but what he has in his Friends tears.
Those he too carefully collects himself.
Now in the midst of his great Monarchy,
He's all alone, as in a Wilderness.
I'll go to him, and when I can have leave
To speak to him, I'll tell him you are come.
'Twill greatly comfort him; he loves you much.

Be. The Gods preserve him.

Ar. Madam, your sweet Youth
May live to better days; Heaven grant you may.

Be. Madam, your Beauty may make better days;
At least with me, let Fortune do her worst;
Wou'd it please you. But Sorrow pleases you,
More than my Love; and ever has done so,
Since first you saw my Face? How? Saw my Face?
I do not know you ever look'd on me.

Your Eyes are turn'd away, or veil'd in tears.
Madam, this cannot easily be born:
I am less safe with you, than among all
The *Macedonian* Swords, I've fear'd from them,
Yet dye with torments in *Barzana's* Arms.
I am resolv'd, I will find out the cause!

Ba. Alas! I fear he will discover me. *(Aside, (One whispers Dat.)*

Dat. My Lord, my Lord, I've joyful news for you;
Your belov'd Son, Lord *Memnon*, is come safe. *(Barzana starts.)*

Ba. Lord *Memnon*! *(Aside.)* My Lord, I beg your leave
I may retire; I'm weary and not well.

Be. Madam, I wish you may have more repose,
Than you can find in me.

Ba. Nay, Why, my Lord,
Will you be cruel to your Self and Me?
I pray, forbear, if you desire my life.

Be. More than my own; I've done all health to you. (Ex. Ba. Oron.
Well, I will trace her Sorrows to their Spring. (at one Door.
So! Here's another joy. Welcome, young Man, (at another,
Come to my Arms, for you deserve my Love. (Enter Mem.

Y've done me, in the Field, no little Grace,
It wou'd be strange, if thou should'st not be brave,
Thy Mother had more Manhood, than our Men,
Well, thou art come into a ruin'd World,
Wherethy great Virtue will have no reward.

Me. My Lord, I am rewarded in your Love,
Our Honour, and our Friends, is wealth enough.

Be. 'Tis true indeed; there is great wealth in Love.
Oh! Son, I've Married so much Excellence.

Me. So I am told, my Lord.

Be. Do not admire,

I never brought thee yet into her sight;
I durst not do it; for to produce thee,
Had been too bold a boast of my past Love
To thy fair Mother, to affront my Wife,
And I wou'd not offend her, for the World.

Me. My Lord, You need not make excuse for this;
You but observe the custom o'the place.

'Tis thought a horrid profanation

To Persian Beauties, to be visible.

They are conceal'd, like Divine Mysteries.

A Sister does not see a Brother here.

Be. True; and, I prithee, come not in her sight.

I brought her from the Battle; She's in Town.

Me. How shall I shun her? For I know her not?

Be. Do not approach this Palace, here She's lodg'd.

With other Beauties that escap'd the Fight.

Me. I shall observe your pleasure carefully.

Ex. Now, go thy ways — here is another Friend.

Exit.

Darius, King of Persia.

Exit Me. And Enter Nabarzanes.

Na. Lord Bessus, I am glad to see you safe.

Be. I doubt we are not safe; the King is strong.

Na. In what?

Be. In Persians.

Na. Strong in Persians?

They can be strong in nothing but Perfumes;

They have no Spirits, but from Essences.

Be. They'r above thirty thousand.

Na. Say, they be.

Be. Danger breeds Valour. They who poorly fell,
Were Embrio's, and miscarriages of War.

But Danger has gone out her time with these.

Then, he has Patron, and four thousand Greeks.

Na. They, I confess, give the King's Sword an edge.

Be. And I have scarce four thousand Bactrian Horse.

Na. True, and my Scythian Archers are no more.

Be. And then he has a Guard, which all Slaves fear;
Religious awe of Kingly Majesty.

Na. When other Forces fly, that never stays.

That Kings have the Militia, on Earth;

Is fit; shou'd they have that of Heaven too?

Vain Panique fears, and Superstitions?

I'll suffer none, to Lift among my Troops.

Be. He has one Guard, I fear, that's Misery.

It somthing touches me, but that's not all,

I've an insatiable and burning Love

For Glory; and to fall on a fallen King,

Will much deface the Beauty of my Fame.

Na. We'll serve the King, save him from misery.

Fortune declares her Self his Enemy;

And we will lay him safe out of her way.

He shall enjoy the ease, and pomp of Power,

And we'll endure the danger and the toil.

Be. Ha! 'tis well thought. The King will yield to this.

Na. We'll make it our request.

Be. Do——I agree.

Na. Where is he now?

Be. He is shut in with Grief,

And Artabazus, the Old General.

Na. Let us prepare our Friends, and watch our time ;

Re. Do—'tis a brave design, to save one King

And beat another ; save a ruin'd King,

And beat his Conqueror, ——— then save the World

From both, by Liberty, ——— it will be great ———

—— It will be Glorious ——— we shall be ador'd.

Na. There will be cause, while Glorious Murderers.

Destroy mankind to form a Tyranny

We'll destroy Tyranny to form Mankind.

Bo. 'Tis true ; how Cruel is it and unjust,

Whole Nations shou'd in Sorrow Live and Die,

That one great Lyon may his Lust enjoy.

Exeunt.

SCENE is drawn.

Darius is set Musing and Sad, Artabazus attending.

Da. Oh ! Why was Alexander born for me,

To make my Crown a Misery to me ;

Which I have made a Happiness to all.

Tyrants, who spar'd not Heaven and Earth, were spar'd :

How can Man find, what way is to walk,

If Fortune will thus blindly plough up all.

Ar. Come Sir, I pray, do not afflict your self,

You gave your pleasure bounds, limit your grief.

And you, who ne'er broke Law, nor injur'd Man,

Do not break reasons law, in your own wrong.

Da. I'd know my Crimes, that have deserv'd all this.

Ar. I know of none.

Da. Nay, prithee, flatter not.

Ar. Oh ! Sir, was ever I a Flatterer ?

Da. Never, till now.

Ar. And this is an ill time,

In your Calamity, and my great Age.

For what can you bestow, or I receive ?

I've reach'd a Hundred years, now wanting Five.

My Love to Honour, Conscience and my King,

Are

Are all the Appetites, I have to please.

Da. Oh! Why have I all sorts of Miseries?

Ar. Those happen to you, as you are a Man.

For what is a Man? A Congregation

Of disagreeing things; His place of Birth,

A confus'd crowd of fighting Elements,

To nothing fixt, but to Eternal change;

They wou'd all lose their Natures, shou'd they fix.

Da. Why, say they did, were they not better lost

Than kept at such Expence; what does poor Man

Pay for vain Life?

Ar. What's matter what he pays;

Gods did not make this World only for Man.

He's but a parcel o' the Universe;

A fellow Servant with the meanest thing,

To carry on the Service o' the whole,

And pleasure o' the Gods, the Lords of all.

Da. Can human Sorrows be delights to Gods;

Ar. Our Sorrows are not, but our Troubles may,

A Great Man, vanquishing his destiny,

Is a great Spectacle worthy of Gods.

Da. Give me thy Hand; years have not gone by thee,

Like empty idle Vagrants, but like Kings,

And given thee Riches to relieve a King.

Enter an Eunuch.

Eu. Lord Bessus, Nabarzanes—

Da. Are they here.

Eu. They have been waiting for access some time,

Lord Memnon, Patron too—

Da. Bring 'em all in.

*Enter Bessus, Nabarzanes, Memnon, Patron, Dataphernes,
several Bactrians.*

Da. Oh! Welcome, my brave Friends, come to my Arms,

I'm joy'd to see your safety and your Love;

Follow me now? You are true Friends indeed.

I will complain of Misery no more;

For I perceive it is the great Art of Heaven,
 To give us better taste of what we have;
 A Friend was ne'r so sweet to me before.
 'Tis hard in prosp'rous Fortune to know Friends:
 Now I am certain you attend on me,
 This is to me my first apparent Court,
 Though I've not fought, I've lov'd with great success.
 There is no State, in which the bounteous Gods
 Have not plac'd Joy, if Men wou'd seek it out;
 Well, Sirs, What news? How many have we lost?

Be. Above four hundred thousand, Sir, 'tis said;

Da. Oh! my amazing merciless destiny.

Be. 'Twas not a Battle, but a Massacre.

Na. Oh! Sir, I wish your Sorrows might end here.

But though they'r heavy, as the heart of Man
 Has strength to bear, I must enlarge 'em yet.
 Your great Lieutenants, Sir, and Governors,
 Have hung up all their Towns and Provinces.

Mithrenes has resign'd *Armenia*,

Falfe Mazens, the once Glorious *Babylon*.

The Governor of *Damas* with the Town.

Betray'd the Kingdom.—For, Sir, in that Town

You had lodg'd Wealth enough, to regain all.

Da. Two hundred thousand Talents in coin'd Gold.

In Silver twice the sum; with Diamonds

And Jewels, of inestimable price.

Be. Alas! This was not all the Riches, Sir.

Your Princes, and great Lords, had (as they thought)

There secur'd all the Beauty o' the East,

I mean their lovely Wives, and Daughters, Sir.

And this inhuman Coward betray'd 'em all.

That Wives of Princes serv'd the Lulls of Slaves,

And poorest wretches shone in Robes of Kings;

Such Scorn did Fortune throw on this World's Pride.

Da. Oh! my immense boundless Calamities.

Though I've so many thousands left in Fight,

I must lament that I have lost no more,

Better my Cities mount to Heaven in Fire

Than sink by Cowardly villany to Hell.

And

And they'r preferr'd who meet with Noble Death,
Above the Villains, who by Treason Reign.

Me. A little Joy were seasonable now.
And I've a little for you, Sir.

Da. Ha! Joy?

Me. The Coward of *Damir*, fled to *Babylon*.
And with his Brother Villain *Mazeus* went
To meet the Enemy, with triumphant pomp.
As if the conquest of their Honesties,
Had been most Honourable Victories.
I heard it wou'd be so, took some brave friends,
And slew 'em both before the Conqueror's Face.
Then brought their Heads away, and there they are.

Da. Oh! brave young Man! — Now I'm subdu'd by thee;
I've nothing to reward thy Gallantry,
So thou hast made a Vassal of thy King.
I'm overcome by Enemies and Friends.
Good Gods, for all my Losses, Suff'rings, Wrongs,
Favour my gallant Friends, I'll ask no more.

Ar. Oh! excell'nt Prince! Will the Gods leave a Prince,
To whom they give such pledges of their Love,
I mean such God-like Virtue's and brave Friends?

Da. 'Tis true; Can I despair; and have such Friends?
By you, I'm still a Great and Glorious King,
Able to fight with *Alexander* yet.
And by the Gods, I'll do't, I thought on flight;
The vile Decree with horror I revoke.
Shall I fear any thing while I have you?
And I am sure, there is not in the World,
A danger you wou'd shun like shameful flight.
And shall I lead you on to Infamy?
No, I will shew, I deserve Men so brave,
I will march back, and fight the Enemy.
One blow may scatter all his Victories.
They'r lumber pil'd disorderly in haste.

Pa. Oh! Fortune in this Monarch see thy faults, (*aside.*
And frailties; he'll be great in spite o' thee.

Da. What means this silence in you all, my Lords?
If you have fear, I'm sure it is for me.

Be.

Be. Ay, so it is, Great Sir.

Da. So I believe.

But is there any thing to fear, like Shame?

And shall I shamefully desert my Self?

In my own Empire, be a banish'd Man?

Or, like my Traitors to the Conqueror creep,

To be a petty Lord of some poor Town,

And there in safety lock my little Heart?

I charge you, kill me, when I e're devise

Such infamous destruction for your King.

No, I will be a King, or not at all.

My Life and Reign shall have one period.

But if your Resolutions be, like mine;

We will yet give our Sorrows a brave end.

Justice is for us, so may Fortune be.

I'm a bright proof of her Inconstancy.

But if no God will lend us any aid.

Let us be Gods, and Fortune to our Selves.

And signalize our Selves by such a Fight,

May shew, at least, we deserve better fates.

—All silent still?—

Ar. Sir, you exceed us all,

As much in Spirit, as in Dignity.

What Soul but yours is not with horror seiz'd,

Viewing the danger that approaches us?

Sir, you deserve the Empire of the World.

And we'll endeavour, Sir, to deserve you.

Great Sir, go on, and we will follow you.

You have prepar'd us all with Glorious Arms,

With hopes of Victory, and scorn of Death.

Pa. Sir, We are strangers, owe our Birth to Greece.

So are free Troops, and may march where we please.

But yet to shew, we fight for Fame, not Pay;

And did not serve your Money, but your Self,

We are all ready to lay down our Lives,

And on our Sepulchres, erect your Throne.

For what a Glory will it be to us,

To make the Persian King our Monument?

Da. I look'd, brave Patron, for no less from thee.

Now

Now it will be a shame if *Persian* Lords
Let a poor stranger in their King's own Court,
Outline 'em all, in Love and Loyalty.

Me. The Gods forbid. — Lead on, most Royal Sir,
I have some wounds require my present care,
But, Sir, they will not indispose me long. *Ex.*

Be. Now speak our Thoughts to him, we are prepar'd.

Na. You shew a Courage, Sir, that shames your Fate,
Which gives your Crown from your Descent and Right.
But what has made Heaven blush, shall make you bleed:
Fate plots your ruine by your Gallantry.

Alas! we are not now, as we have been,
A Sea of Men, that delug'd the whole Earth,
Swallow'd the Rivers, devour'd Nature's Store,
Emptied the spacious vessel o' the World.

More than the grasp o' Providence cou'd hold;
That down we fell in heaps, now 'tis not so.

We may be numbred now; all we can do

Is but to gain some pity for our selves,

And Honourably throw away our King.

Brave Men scorn Death, but yet they value Life;

Because their Lives are useful to the World.

It is enough — too much, — Danger and Death
Follow us fast, let us not follow them.

Sir, I most humbly move (Heaven knows my Soul,
In tenderness to you, not to our selves;)

Retreat with us, to neighb'ring *Bactria*.

Sir, there are endless Forests of brave Youth,

Whence in few days we will have rods enow!

To scourge the *Macedonian* pride to death.

But then we beg you'll make one more retreat:

Da. Whither?

Na. Sir, out of the Dominion
Of your ill Planets. —

Da. Ha! — What dost thou mean?

Na. Sir, we dare fight with Men, but not with Heaven:
And all the Gods appear your Enemies.

What if you hid in privacy and ease?

It wou'd be pious reverence to Heaven,

E

And

And a brave conquest over your own Mind.
 Let none subdue *Darius* but himself;
 Fling up awhile to th' importuning storm,
 Some of your Dignity to save the rest.
 And make your Court to Heaven, and all brave Men,
 By honouring the favourite of both,
 Lord *Bessus*, with the Sovereign power.

Da. How now? ———

Na. Nay, Sir, but for a while, till he has lur'd
 Gods, and revolting Nations to your aid.
 He is ador'd by Men, obey'd by Gods.
 They all observe his Will, they'l not deny
 Your Crown to him, and when 'tis in his hand,
 He'l faithfully return it to your Self.

Da. Oh! Villain! most amazing, impudent,
 And cowardly Villain! hast thou watch'd thy time,
 When Treason may be insolent and safe?
 And to my Face abuse me, unchastis'd? ———
 No, Traytor. ———

Da. Draws ——— *Bessus and his Men interpose, and hold the King.*

Be. Hold, Sir, do not hurt your Self.

Da. Ha! I am seiz'd and threatned ——— Are you all
 In this conspiracy?

Pa. No, I am not ——— *Pa. and the Greeks draw.*

Be. Hold, *Patron*, hold ——— hold all, that love the King.
 He will receive no hurt, except from you;
 Our Blood is his, perhaps his vital Blood.
 In me you'l cut whole Nations from his aid.

Na. Before we spoke, we did consider well
 The strength, both of our Reason, and our Swords.

Ex. Be. Na.

Da. Ha! Was this *Bessus*?

Pa. Sir, Will you bear this?

By Heavens, I wou'd rather endure the Swords
 Of these bold Villains, than their impudence.

Da. It stunn'd me, but I now recover Sense.
 Brave *Patron*, follow me; follow me all,
 Though my hard Fortune will not suffer me

To

To conquer Kings, I'll be more like a God.
I will defend all Kings, even those unborn.
By the reward these Villains shall receive,
Their dire confusion shall be the defence
Of Kings and Kingdoms, forty Ages hence.

Ar. Oh! he is running to his certain death.

Oh! Sir. ————— (*Ar. falls at the King's Feet.*)

Da. What dost thou mean?

Ar. Pity your Self —————

Your Friends, your Children; you will ruin all.

Da. Will none stand by me then?

Pa. Yes, Sir; we will.

Da. De'esse? Oh! Shame! More Love, more Loyalty,

In this brave Stranger, than in all my Friends;

Whom I have made more rich, than all his *Greece*?

Come, *Patron*, bring thy *Greeks*; they'r strength enough.

Ar. Oh! If you'l go to ruin, pass through me,

My life has long been useless to myself.

I shall abhor it, when 'tis so to you,

And, nor my Sword, nor Counsel can prevail.

Da. Oh! How am I beset? the Enemy

Is at my Back, my Friends fly in my Face?

Ar. Oh! Sir, I speak my Loyal Care of you,

The Enemy is near, your Army small;

The *Macedonian* was too great a weight

For us to bear, when we had Millions.

Alas, What shall this little Body do?

When you have maim'd it too? and have cut off

Its strongest limbs? for so these Great Men are.

Da. They are cut off from all their love to me.

Ar. Indeed, Sir, I believe, their meaning good.

They have stood bravely by you, Sir, till now;

Stood stronger than the Walls of *Babylon*:

For they are fallen in shame by base revolt.

If they meant well, pardon their erring love.

Do not destroy 'em for some kind mistakes.

If they be bad, Mercy may change their Hearts.

Da. Do what you will; for all must Reign but I.

Oh! My misfortunes,

Ar. Pray, Sir, do not grieve.

Da. Nay, prithee, if I may not be a King,
Yet let me be the Mourner of a King.
I am all the Mourners that my death shall have.

Ar. Then am I false?

Da. No——pardon me, good Man.

Pa. Who can pretend to Honor, or a Soul,
And not be touch'd with such a Prince's wrong?

Ar. 'Tis true, then can the Men; he has oblig'd
Conspire to wrong him? if they had the Thought,
I doubt not but they will abhor themselves
And I shall sing 'em at his Feet in tears.

Pa. Or, by the Gods, I'll sing 'em there in Blood.

Da. Oh! how shall I reward thee, noble Greek?
Well, it is possible they may mean well.
Then, on submission I will pardon 'em,
And take 'em to my Favour yet; for I
Fear more to do injustice than to dye, (Ex.)

Pa. Come, my brave Countrymen, stand to your Arms;
And let us shew what a true Soldier is:
He's no Mechanique Slave, that sells his breath,
But a just generous Lord, of life and death.
Not a wild Beast, that knows no Law, but Lust;
He destroys beastial Men, or makes 'em just.
The Cut-throat does a Soldiers name prophane,
Pretending to be more, he's less a Man;
The worse for Reason, by that Artful tool,
More hurtful than a Beast, he kills by Rule.
But the true Soldier does Mankind create,
By forcing Reason on a brutal State.
When Oaths are Wind, and Laws but childish Rods,
The Soldier comes, like Thunder, from the Gods. (Ex.)

SCENE, A Room in the Palace, Barzanes, melancholy,
attending to a Song. Sometimes weeping,——Orontes enters.

Pa. Oh miserable me!

Or. Astonishment in everlasting Sighs, Complaints, and Tears?
This must not be, it leads her from her Scuff

Madam

Madam—! She minds me not—Madam—I beg ?—
You will not always listen to your Griefs,
But to your Friends sometimes.

Ba. Trouble me not.

Or. Madam, you are a trouble to your self.

Ba. Be gone, I'de be alone.

Or. I wou'd you were.

But you associate with a cruel Grief,
That does return your kindness very ill.
You grace a Melancholy that devours
The Beauties, whence it has its wondrous Grace.
Nay, Madam, it is dangerous to your life.
You neither eat, nor drink, nor take repose.
You go to Bed for liberty to weep;
And the Night leaves you, as she found you, in tears,
Day dries not up that Dew, you only breath
To sigh, and not to live. Your Reason wasts,
You see not, hear not, mind not any thing.
Sometimes your Fancy hunts a thousand things,
But e're they'r found, alas your Fancy's lost.

Be. Thou wilt be troublesome, but thou mean'st well;
Therefore I pardon thee; How tyr'd am I
With sitting, and till now, I knew it not?
Come, let us walk?

Or. Where will you please to walk?

Ba. I know not where.

Or. Abroad in the fresh Air?

Ba. No, I shall be disturb'd with company.

Or. Then in the Gallery?

Ba. No, it wants Air.

Or. Then in the Grove?

Ba. I will not walk at all.

Fetch me a Book, I'll read—let it alone—

Go call the Musique back again—no, stay—

It was too noisy; a soft gentle Lute

Wou'd please me better.—But another time—

How ill you dress me, Sir?

Or. Dear Madam, Why?

Ba. I'm cumber'd with a thousand needless things.

Art need not study vanity for us;
We have too much from Nature.

Or. Will you please
To change your dress?

Ba. Then you will be a toil.
Wou'd I cou'd change myself
For any thing besides.

Or. She weeps again.

Ba. I'll to my Closet——no, I will abroad.

Release me quickly from the slavery
Of all this formal, and superfluous dress.

The World's in War——I'll be an Amazon——

Tye back my Hair, but not with any Art——

Come——a short Robe——lay naked my right Arm.

A Javelin there shou'd be the only grace.

My Horse!——my Horse!——Oh! I am prest to death——

Under your earthy sloth. Oh! you good Gods!

That I were now among the Warriors,

Gaining Eternal Honors to myself.

Eternal Honors?——No——Eternal Shame,——

Shewing my Follies, as I madly do.

——Oh! I am curs'd——curs'd——by some angry Power,

That makes a foolish and vile thing o' me,

And then exposes that to shame for me.

Gods, if you'll take my Reason, take my Life,

Leave me not Sense, only to feel my Grief.

Or. Oh! Madam, Madam, in all reverence

To your Command and Will, I've born your Grievs

Till they have torn your Reason, and my Heart.

I must assault 'em now.——And on my knees

I humbly beg you will discover 'em.

Ba. Away, away.

Or. No, Madam, pardon me

I will pay all obedience to your self.

But, oh! no more to your distractions.

Ba. Begone, I say.

Or. I will not, cannot, go.

Ba. Thou dost not know, how troublesome thou art,

And to what little purpose, thou'd I tell

My griefs to thee, it wou'd increase 'em more;

Or. You know not that, you have a noble Mind.

But at the present 'tis not in your power.

My little Counsels now may aid you more.

Be not so faithful to your Misery;

Betray it to me.

Ba. 'Tis impossible.

Oh! I cou'd easier rip my Bosom up,

And shew the Sun my naked Heart, than thee.

Or. I do not think the dangers o' your Lord

Ba. Ay, there it is.

Or. No, you are cold to him.

Oh! there is somthing more, and I must know.

Ba. Well, I will tell thee.

Or. Do.

Ba. Another time.

Or. When t'is too late—consider what you do.

I know y'have so much kindness for your Lord,

You wou'd be loth wholly to lose his Heart;

And there's a beauteous Amazonian Queen

By whom Lord Bessus has a Noble Son.

Ba. Undone! Undone! Thou hast discover'd me.

Or. Discover'd what?

Ba. As if you did not find.

Or. Madam, I swear I know not what you mean.

Ba. You know too much. Had I a Dagger here,

I'd lock thy Bosom to Eternity.

Or. I wish you had, and it were in my Breast,

If any ill has hapned to your Self.

Ba. She takes a pleasure to repeat my Shame.

Or. Your Shame?—Your Shame, de'e say?

Ba. My Hell—nay, worse—

Shame is a torment which the damn'd know not:

The damn'd have darkness to conceal their Shame.

But mine will suddenly break out to light,

I cannot bear the torment of my Love.

Or. Oh! now your Sorrows shew their mournful Face.

You love—your Husband's Son.

Ba. No more—no more,

I tremble at the thought — I'm sick to death,
If the word Love but touch my Tongue, or Ear,
'Tis Sin to talk of Sin.

Or. Your Love's no Sin.

It is your Glory, now you vanquish it.

Ba. I do not, do not, cannot vanquish it.

I dare not trust myself, with Love or Life.

I'll seek out death by all the ways I can.

Or. Hold, Madam, hold —

Ba. Why? Am I fit to live?

Or. If you be not, you are less fit to dye.

Ba. Death ends my Sin.

Or. Murder increases it.

Ba. It will be Justice on an impious wretch.

I'll thrust all Hell into one painful hour.

And then, good Heaven (I hope) will claim no more.

(Exit)

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, The Palace.

Enter Darius, Artabazus, Guards.

Ar. O H! Sir! the Men are good and penitent;
And brave as good; and I shall see you yet

As Happy, Great, and Glorious as ever

Da. No, Artabazus, no, my Queen is dead.
I never can be happy in this World,
But I wou'd give my Kingdom happiness.
Go, call 'em in——

*Enter Bessus and Nabarzanes, who prostrate themselves
before the King, and w. ep.*

Be. Oh! Great and Gracious King

Oh! infinite is our confusion,

We humbly beg you will regard our tears——

We can express our Grief no other way.

Da. Indeed, I do not know what to regard,

Nor what you are——you seem so strange to me,

I think you are my Subjects, are you not?

Na. Yes, Sir, and faithful ones, whate'er we seem.

Da. A Subject without terror of his King,

Is an unnatural thing in Persia.

You are portentous Omens of my death.

Be. Oh! narrow World! a Virtue that exceeds

The common size, appears portentous here.

The World is fallen on your Sacred Head,

And now we cannot stand on forms of State,

But we must get you out what way we can.

And, Sir, indeed we thought this was the best.

But now, because 'twas bold, it appears bad.

Da. What cou'd befall me worse, than what you sought,

Tamely to yield my Crown, at your demand,

And serve my Slaves? nothing can throw me down,

So low as that, but my own cowardize;

I will not yield the Conqueror my Crown,

I'll rather singly fight with all his Troops;

For by 'em all I can be kill'd but once.

But yield my Crown I suffer many deaths,

In my own Shame, and my dear Childrens Tears,

Who then, no more are Children of a King.
 And wou'd you wish me cowardly, infamous,
 And cruel to my Children? — Oh! Is this
 Your kindness to me? You ingrateful Men.
 Oh! Who wou'd not ha' thought you were my Friends?
 Who wou'd ha' thought you cou'd be otherwise?
 For I beset you with my Favours so,
 No Hearts, but yours, cou'd scape from loving me.
 And now for you to hurt your King, and Friend?
 And at this time when I am prest to death,
 Under a fallen Throne, a ruin'd House,
 My Mother, Brother, little only Son,
 Both my sweet Daughters in captivity,
 And my Queen dead?

Na. Oh! Sir — No more — no more —

Be. Yes, Sir, Go on, go on, and break our Hearts.
 For we desire to dye, since we grieve you.

Da. You deserve it for your cruelty.
 Had you by private Treasons stolen my life —
 You had shewn more Humanity, than now;
 For then I had not felt the barbarous blow,
 That had shewn Reverence, call'd me a Dread King.
 This calls me Fool and Coward to my Face.
 I shew'd no fear o' the brave enemy,
 Why shou'd you think I wou'd be seiz'd by you?

Na. We did not hope to work upon your Fear.
 We know you have no Fear, but on your Love.
 We know you have a truly Royal Soul,
 That love your People with paternal Love,
 And we petition'd, Sir, for all our Lives
 Which hourly perish by your destiny.

Be. Yes, Sir, 'tis plain; while you are in the Field
 We fall in heaps; you are no sooner gone,
 But as your Chariot wheels turn'd Heaven round,
 Success is ours, and the whole day is chang'd.
 And we wou'd fix our Fortune to your Crown,
 Your dangers to our Heads; in off'ring this
 We have discharg'd our Duties, and can dye.

Na. Nay, wish to dye, to ease you of your fears;
 Better we dye, than you shou'd want repose:
 We pray not for our Lives, Sir, but your Love.

Darius, *King of Persia.*

Da. Oh! now you vanquish me, come to my Arms—

Be. Oh! excellent King.

Na. Too Good—too Gracious.

Da. I will not sacrifice great things to vile
Men, good and gallant to revenge and fear.
No, do your Duty, Sirs, and I'll do mine.
Leave the dispose of Crowns to Kings and Gods.
Preserve your Honours, that's enough for you.
Conquer a Conqueror, not a fallen King.
And your own King, you want no Enemies;
Oh! make not any for your selves by crimes.
The *Macedonian* King pursues us fast—
And I perhaps shall perish by his Sword,
That you may spare the guilt of murd'ring me.

Be. Oh! Horror! Do you think we have the thought?

Na. Oh! you suspect us, that is worse than death.

Da. No—no—I only counsel you in love—
For you possess my Heart, though I've lost yours.

Be. Oh! say not so.

Da. I hope, 'tis otherwise.

Na. But you believe it not.

Da. Well, I ha' done.

Be what you seem, and all shall be forgot.
And what we do, lets do like gallant Men,
Who bravely fall have this one happiness,
Above the Conqueror, they share his Fame,
And have more Love, and an unenvied Name. (*Ex. Da. Ar. Guards.*)

Na. This was the only way to vanquish him.

I found we cou'd not gain the *Persians*,

I often talked to 'em of Liberty.

Alas! they understood not what I meant,

For in the *Persian* Tongue is no such word.

They answer'd nothing, but the King, the King;

His Sacred Majesty, long live the King,

That mighty comprehensive word, the King,

Had all the Sense a *Persian* Thought cou'd hold.

So I thought this our only secure way,

We cou'd not fight the *Greeks* and *Persians*.

Be. Now I cou'd easier have fought 'em both,
Than stoop'd to all this base Hypocrisy,

I think 'tis harder to subdue him now,
 Than if he had his Millions at his heels,
 For Sovereign Power springs out o' the Sword,
 If I had conquer'd him in a fair Fight,
 I had both gain'd his Kingdom and his Right,
 Now on our Selves, and our brave Friends we fall,
 And turn 'em into Fools and Villains all,
 Glory I court, and I wou'd have my Love
 Fair and complete, as She's enjoy'd by Jove.
Na. And so you will; *Jove* did for Empire frame
 A World of Fools and Knaves, we do the same.
 Were there no Knaves, what use of Sovereign sway?
 And if there were no Fools, Who wou'd obey? *Ex.*

SCENE, Another Apartment in the Palace. Enter Bar. and Or.

Ba. Now I have told the secrets of my Heart,
 I have much eas'd my Heart; it is more cool,
 My Reason does begin to come in play;
 Though I find great misfortune in my Love,
 I have this comfort, there is no great guilt.
 I lov'd the Son, e're I the Father saw,
 It pleas'd the Gods, (I know not for what end)
 In the great Field, at the *Cilician* Streights,
 First to begin the dreadful day on me,
 Darted into my Eyes, into my Soul,
 The shining, the confounding killing charms
 Of the most Noble Youth, they ever form'd.
 As the first sight of him my Soul dissolv'd.
 It was some time e're I had breath to speak;
 At length I hid my Face, and whisp'ring you,
 Bid you enquire, who that Commander was.

Or. You did; I thought 'twas Curiosity,
 And gave you information.

Ba. To my Joy,
 He quickly rode away out o' my sight,
 But left such strong impressions on my Soul,
 Though many thousands fell before my Face,
 The day was lost; nay, my own liberty,
 I saw it not, *Memnon* was in my Eye,
 But oh! my misery soon waken'd me;
 And then I shriek'd, more out of fear, *For*

For *Memnon* than my Self; for I despair'd
 To see him more, except amongst the dead.
 As we were led over our slaughter'd Friends,
 Envyng their gory mangled Carcasses,
 The same brave Youth, whom I had in my Heart,
 Came shining once again into my Eye,
 With new, and brighter splendors than before;
 For he brought Honour, Conquest, Liberty.
 Dispers'd the Enemy, as Winds do Sand,
 And quickly made free passage for my flight.
 You must remember it, for you were there
 In the same Chariot with me.

Or. Yes, I was,
 And so was he, I think.

Ba. What do you mean?

Or. I'm sure his Eye was, and I think, his Heart.

Ba. Away—but if it was, so much the worse,
 For then his misery wou'd be like mine.

Or. Wou'd it afflict you to be lov'd by him :

Ba. Yes, to his grief; else 'twou'd extremely please.

Or. I know not if he loves, this I am sure;

He was your Guard, your Beauty was his Guide.

For all the way he by your Chariot rode

His Eye did never fail to follow yours,

His Tongue said little, but his Looks said much.

Indeed that was no time or place for talk.

Our Ears were with a thousand noises fill'd,

Ay, and our Hearts too with a thousand fears.

Alas! This short success was only lent,

Fortune did soon demand her Favours back :

The Enemy pursued; the gallant Youth

Was forc'd to turn on them, and you to fly.

Ba. Oh! I fled slowly, with a heavy Heart.

A thousand times did I turn back my Eye,

Ay, and I think as oft my Chariot,

Wishing to see him come a Conqueror.

But 'twas in vain to stay, the night came on,

So I went forwards, and let Fortune drive;

Who led me to Eternal Misery,

In the first place, where I my safety sought.

There with the King, Lord *Ecstus* lay conceal'd,

Who

Who at first fight o' me, flam'd out with Love,
And begg'd in me his ruine o' the King.

Or. Why did you not inform the King your love?

Ba. I did, in what I cou'd, blushes and tears.

But the word Love I had not power to speak.

Or. Oh! fatal Modesty! But see, my Lord.

Ba. Oh! my disorders will discover me.

What can I say, why I as yet a Bride,
Have all the Sorrow of a captive Slave?

Enter Beffus.

Be. Madam, may I approach?

Ba. My Lord, you know
You are a Sovereign here.

Be. I have some right.

But Grief usurps my room; I can't bear
A Rival in my Bed.

Ba. Rival, my Lord? ———

Be. That is my Rival sure that shares with me,
And I methinks have the least part in you.

What Favours I receive, you rather give
To Marriage Vows than Me. Those Cherubims
Are not for Idols, but for Ornaments:

To grace Love's Altars, not to be ador'd.

Madam, you may believe it troubled me,
To be excluded thus my Joy and Right.

I wou'd not very tamely yield it up.

I have been searching for my Enemy,

And I believe I have th' Offender found.

Ba. What does he say ———

(aside.)

Be. Madam, I call to mind

When we last parted, news was brought to me,

My Son was come; his Name disorder'd you.

Ba. Undone! — Undone! — I am betray'd ———

(aside.)

Be. 'Tis so.

My Son! My Son.

Ba. Your Son? What of your Son?

Be. Undoes me; your confusion shews it plain.

Ba. In what confusion am I?

Be. All your Face

Flames with a blush; your breath goes thick and short.

Your Speech wou'd scarcely falter more in death.

Ba. Fetch me a Dagger.

(aside.)

Be. I'll remove this Grief.

I'll send for him, and stab him in your sight.

Ba. Oh! Horror! Horror! Hold! You shall know all.

Be. Oh! I know all, and will remove it all.

Madam, you very highly injure me.

Ba. I do not — do not.

Be. Oh! you do.

Ba.

Ba. In what?

Ba. I here invoke the Gods.

Ba. And so do I.

Ba. Tear out my Heart, if it be false to you?

Ba. Have you suspicion, I am false to you?

Ba. No Madam, no, but you have entertain'd
Causeless suspicion of my Truth to you.

Not that my humble Heart is worth your Care,

But your own Merit is; you are enrag'd,

Your Royal Birth, and Divine Excellence,

Which may deserve to have more Heavens than one,

Gain not the entire Heart of one poor Slave.

But you are triumph'd over by the Queen.

Because I shew some fondness of her Son.

Ba. Oh! I am scap'd! Shame and Death threatned me ——— (*aside*)
And then rode by far far out of their way.
He thinks my Grief is jealousy of him.

Ba. Come, Madam, throw the Queen out of your Thoughts,
For I'll assure you she is far from mine.
I never lov'd her in her softest Youth.

Nature indeed had given her charms for Love;

But the embraces of the wanton Wind,

And Suns hot Kisses had debauch'd 'em all.

And they were all the Kisses She endur'd.

She must perform the Office of her Sex,

Or have no Heirs to her Renown and Throne.

So our embrace was but a Bed Cabal.

More for a State, than amorous intrigue.

Love did but little in the whole Affair,

The Gods did all; therefore the gallant Youth

Is like a God, and therefore lov'd by me.

I know you'd love him, if you saw him once,

Which you shall do, and let him kiss your hands.

Run for my Son ———

Ba. I will not see his Face.

He's setting his own House all in a flame ———

When it already burns in smothering fire.

Ba. Oh How disturb'd She is? cou'd I believe

A trouble to thy Hear shou'd delight mine?

This is a mark of love, but th' only one

I do not wish to have. ——— lay it aside.

And let all three love. I must confess

My Son is a record of my past Love,

But he's so fair a one ———

I'm very sure if you beheld him once

You wou'd be loth he shou'd be blotted out.

Ba. With what a pleasing Dream he is deceiv'd?
'Tis cruelty to waken a sick Friend.

(*aside*)
Whose:

Whose Sleep is all his ease, let him dream on
 Nay, I am told your Son, your Son's a gallant Man.
 And I am troubled that I cannot give
 His Merit the reception it deserves.

Es. Why not, my Love? you may if I consent.

Ba. I'll not consent to an undecent thing,
 And so it is t'encourage vicious Love.

Such was your kindness for the *Amazon Queen*.

Es. Thy Virtue is too nice.

Ba. Nay, I'm content

You love and favour him.

Es. A thousand Thanks

Ba. But do not let him come into my sight.

Es. Well, dearest, you shall see, the Divine power

You have o'r me, that the least sight of yours

Can shake the Universe from under me.

My *Memnon* is to me, a World of Joy.

He offends you, and vanishes for ever.

Ba. Oh! now I grieve:—

Es. What say you, do you grieve?

Ba. O'r-heard?—

Es. Oh! this is kind, now he shall go.

Enter Memnon.

Ba. I see him, Oh? I tremble, burn and faint,

I cannot stay, or go—

Es. See see, I swear.

The very sight of him distempers her.

You shall not see him, love, away, away,

A thousand Thanks for all this tender love.

(*Ex. Ba. Or.*)

Come hither, *Memnon*, thou wert once my All,

And still thou art a most dear part o' me.

I tell thee th's, 'cause I'm to lose thee soon.

And I wou'd make our parting soft to thee

What e're it is to me. I am compell'd

To banish thee forever from my sight.

Me. Compell'd to banish me?—Alas, my Lord,

I fear my Loyalty displeases you.

I have heard dreadful news about the King.

Oh! I have wept, and ravi'd, and torn my Hair,

And curs'd my Birth, now doubly infamous,

First, by my Mothers sin, and now by yours.

Es. You know not what you say, I had great aims.

I saw the Kingdom fall.

Ms. Had Heaven fallen,

And you had done your Duty, you had Rood.

Es. 'Tis true, I sallied out beyond my bounds

Eut 'twas to serve the King

Me. He serves him best

Who keeps his Post, Obedience was yours

Es.

Be. No more o'this ; if the King pardons me,
Sure you may do't.

Me. Oh! is the King so good?
And after that, can you forgive your self?

Be. Ha done!

Me. I shall——but let me do you first
What Services I can ; and set you free
From all Temptations you may have from me.
Perhaps you think a Crown may delight me.
Oh! I wou'd rather have my Head be cleft
In my King's Service, than by Treason Crown'd.
Let but my Sword command the spots of Earth,
On which I fight to Guard his Crown and Life,
And Nobler Fortune I will ne're desire.
The Gods be prais'd, there I have Lordships yet.
And let us all preserve our Loyalty,
Then our true Glory lives, though our Pomp dies,
For that is Vanity ; now I have done.
I'll make but one Request, then take my leave.

Be. What's that ?

Me. To chuse the place of my Exile.

Be. Where's that ?

Me. In the Fair Arms of one I Love.

Be. And who is she?

Me. I know not, wou'd I did.

It was my Fate at the *Cilician* Streights,
To give her Liberty, and lose my own.

Be. Didst thou make no enquiry of her Name?

Me. I found her grac'd with all perfections,
And these I think are Names enow for one.
They took up all my thoughts, and all my time ;
Which was not much, for soon we were pursu'd.
I was compell'd to face the Enemy,
I had the honour of the Victory,
But lost the best Reward, the sight of her ;
For she was fled away ; and from that hour
I saw her not till now.

Be. Where saw you her ?

Me. Here in this Palace.

Be. Here? my Wife lives here——

[*Apac.*
When

When did you see her?

Me. Not a minute past.

Be. Oh! how I tremble? this must be my wife. [*Aside.*]

Was no one with her?

Me. Yes, your self, my Lord.

Be. Infernal horrors! [*Aside.*]

Me. Ha! he is disturb'd.—

Be. Oh! he has stab'd me, sleeping in my Bed,
And waken'd me in Hell. Past all dispute
Her secret sorrow is a Love for him.
I've been solliciting for my own shame.

'Tis so!—'tis so!—my Son has whor'd my Wife,

H'as whor'd her in her Soul, and that's enough.

I'll rip him up, and carry her his Heart.

Hold! he is Innocent, and she may be.

Shall I skin o're my Wound, with that may be?

And probe no farther? no 'twill fester them.

Oh! better see her once in the foul Act,

And so conclude my Torment, and her Sin,

Than see her hourly sinning in my thoughts.

Me. My Lord, I fear, I love not as I shou'd.

For I perceive it discomposes you,

Though you in tenderness conceal my fault.

Pray let me know it, I will freely part

With all the Joys I have, to pleasure you.

Be. Oh! noble Youth! sure I am safe from him, [*Aside.*]

But not from my own thoughts; I cannot bear

Thorns in my Bed, if I have torment there.

Where shall I rest? no, I must search it well.

No, Son, I only doubt your good success.

Had you any Encouragement?

Me. I thought I had.

Be. 'Tis done!—th' Adultery's finish'd o' her part. [*Aside.*]

So is her Life——*Memnon*——you have my leave

To make this Beauty yours be who she will.

Me. My Lord, I never can requite this Love,

Because you fight against your self for me,

For I see great contention in your thoughts.

Be. 'Tis over now; go in, you'll find her there. [*Ex. Me.*]

Oh! *Memnon*! now I wish thy Vertue strong,

For

For if you mingle Smiles, you mingle Blood.

As Bessus is stealing after Memnon, Nabarzanes enters.

Na. My Lord——my Lord——

Be. Whose that? I'm employ'd.

Na. I've Business for you that concerns your Life.

Be. I'm busied in concerns above my Life.

Na. Well let 'em be of more Concern than Heaven,
You shall abandon 'em, and go with me.

Patron the Greek, has been among our Troops,
Discover'd our designs, and told the King.

Be. Wou'd *Patron* were in Hell.

Na. He shall be worse.

For, head your Troops, he shall be in our Power.

Be. I'll come immediately.

Na. Immediately?

What Business have you here, but with your Wife?

Do you prefer a Kiss above a Crown,

And all the Lives and Fortunes of your Friends?

Then I believe *Patron* had this from you,

And you have sold us all.

Be. Who, I?

Na. Yes, you.

Your Wife, and You, the Cause and the World Sink,
I'll save my self; Farewel.

Be. Hold——hold——I go——

Oh! you have wrong'd me.

Na. Shew it in the Field.

Be. I will, but I shall perish——go or stay.

Stay, and the Hangman's Sword falls on my head.

Go, my Wife's Whor'd——aside——oh! cursed troubled World,

Where nothing without Sorrow can be had,

And 'tis not easy to be Good or Bad.

For Horreur attends Evil——Sorrow Good,

Vice Plagues the Mind, and Vertue Flesh and Blood. [Ex.

A C T IV.

S C E N E The Field.

Enter Darius, Artabasus, Patron, Guards.

Ar. **O**H! have I sav'd Villains to kill my King?
Da. No more, no more, I know thy honest thoughts.
 Oh! my dear Children, now a long farewell.
 To all my Glory now a long farewell.
 Nay, oh! my Fate, I must for ruine fight,
Cyrus and Alexander, did not shew
 More Courage, to be Lords o'the whole World,
 Than I must do to have no share in it.
 For if these Villains Perish by my Sword,
 I cut off all the Army that I have.
 And I, the once Great Monarch of the World,
 Shall want a Cave, where I may hide my head.
 But Justice will be best for all Mankind.
 I'll shew that I deserve the World I lose.

Pa. I must entreat your leave for one word more.
 Alas! I sooner shall have leave from you
 Than from my self; for every word I speak
 That grieves your heart, stabs mine, yet I must speak,
 There's scarce a faithful man in all your Camp.

Da. What dost thou say? are all the *Persians* false?

Pa. They are as true to you, as to themselves.
 But as in danger they have always done,
 So they do now, forsake you and themselves.

Da. Ha! do they joyn the Traytors?

Pa. Oh! Sir, no.

They joyn with nothing but confounding fear;
 And that they meet with where'soe'er they go,
 Terrours beset 'em. *Alexander* comes,
 And here the Traytors boldly threaten 'em.
 They who had any Life in 'em, are fled,
 And they that stay are held by Cowardise,
 They have not Soul enough, even for flight.

Ar.

Ar. He has told Truth which I was loath to speak.
We may as well force men into a Camp,
From Sick and Dying as from wanton Beds.
From Plagues as Luxury, a flattering Pest.

Da. Oh! *Alexander*, where wou'd be thy Fame,
Hadst thou my Army? well may't thou subdue
Kingdoms, by Men who merit to be Kings;
For mine do not deserve the name of men.

Pa. Sir, one word, more, and then I shall have done.
Not far from hence, I have four thousand *Greeks*.
We march'd to *Persia*, fifty thousand men;
Did ever *Greek* forsake you, but by Death?
Alas! Sir, now we cannot if we wou'd.
For in your Service we have fought our selves,
Out of our Blood, our Country, and our Friends.
There is no *Bactria*, no *Greece* for us,
Your Royal Self is now our sole retreat,
We humbly beg, for all our Services,

No greater Honour, than to be your Guard.
Ar. Sir, he desires an Honour, he deserves,
And what may be of mighty use to you.
His *Greeks* will be a Bulwark to your self,
And all your Men, give 'em new Courage.
Sir, grant him his request.

Da. Not for the World!
A Glorious King shou'd ever more regard
The Honourable Counsels than the fate.
In my own Camp be a poor Fugitive?
To my own Nation a Forreigner?
To Forreigners a little Pensioner?
Have no Authority, but what they give?
And so descend from being a *Persian* King,
To be a petty Lord of a few *Greeks*.
The Traytors then will say they fight a *Greek*,
And I shall give 'em Colour for their Crimes.
No, I'll not fall by any fault of mine.
I'll not forsake my Friends: if they quit me,
The fault's not mine; and I had rather fall
By Royal Charity to my own Slaves,
Than Reign, by Stranger's Charity to me.

Darius King of Persia

Patron, a thousand thanks, I will accept
The Service of thy Sword, but not this way.
Go to thy Noble *Greeks*, and serve me there,
And Heaven reward thy Love, and Gallantry.

Pa. Heaven be your Guard, I fear y'ave little else,
Besides what you shall ever find in me.

Da. Thou Honour of thy Nation, shame to mine. [Ex. *Pa*.]

Now put my men in readiness to fight,
And then command the Traytors to my Feet.

If they dare disobey——fall on—— [An Alarm.
How now?

Ar. What shou'd this mean? [Ex. *Ar*.]

Da. They make the first assault.
My Chariot speedily——the news——the news.

Enter Artabazus.

Ar. Sir, the Vantguard of *Alexander's* Troops
Is in your Camp.

Da. Two Enemies at once,
Thou fight the Rebels, and I'll fight the King——

[Ex. *Da*. *Ar*. a great cry, Alarm and disorder within,
and *Enter Darius* stopping the flying *Persians*.]

Da. For shame! for shame, you Cowards! quit your King?
And fly from sound; this is a false Alarm
The Traytors made, by *Alexander's* Name
To frighten you from me. Fly from his Name!
How will you meet his Sword? but, by my Life,
You shall encounter with his Sword or mine.

Enter Artabazus.

Ar. Oh! Sir, a Cheat! a Cheat!

Da. I know it well.

How many of our Men may be disperst?

Ar. Sir, almost all; y'ave not a hundred left.
And now the Traytors have surrounded you,
Have interpos'd between the *Greeks* and you,
And are in a great body drawing down.

Da.

Da. Then it is time.

Ar. Hold, Sir.

Da. Now I reflect.

This Crime belongs only to Regicides.

Why should I take their Guilt upon my self?

I ne're yet stain'd my Sword with Innocent Blood,

Why should I do it in my dying hour?

Ar. Oh! mournful hour!—oh! would you had receiv'd
The Gallant Offer of the Noble Greek.

You had been safe as in a Tower of Steel.

Da. Not from my self; it wou'd ha' stab'd my heart.
To beg poor Life, from a few wandering Greeks.

Alas! from them I cou'd ha' had no more.

Ar. No doubt the Persians wou'd have followed you.

Da. I'm better follow'd now, and more secure.

I'm safe from the Dishonour and the Crime,

Of quitting them, or doing any thing

That may deserve my miserable fall.

The thought brings many comforts to my Soul.

Ar. A dreadful fall indeed! how have I seen

A hundred Nations follow you to Wars!

Follow! Adore you. Now your only Guards

Are a few Eunuchs, and a weak old man.

And you, who oft have rode on Golden Gods,

Are trod on now, by every little Slave:

Da. Oh! these are many Darts, and they're all keen:

Yet did they only light upon my self,

My pain wou'd be no more, than if they fell

On a dead part; for in my Queen I'm dead.

But in my Children and my Friends I live.

Oh! there my Sence is quick, my Torments sharp.

Prithee dear Artabazus, when I'm dead,

Go to my Mother, Children, all my Friends,

And tell 'em how I fought, and how I mourn'd,

My Courage, Honour, and my Love to them

Stuck to me the last; but nothing else,

I give 'em cause to Mourn, but not to Blush.

Ar. Oh! Sir, you rather give 'em cause of pride,

Men are admir'd, not prais'd for Happiness.

Virtue's the Lustre, Pomp is but a show.

That

That pleases Gods, This Women, Fools, and Boys,
 You conquer'd Power, where *Alexander* falls,
 And now in Misery y^e are Glorious still;
 But, Sir, wou'd you wou'd try if you cou'd scape.

Da. Ah! whither can I scape? to scornful Life?

I wou'd not have it, were it in my Power.

Then sure I wou'd not steal so poor a thing.

And if I wou'd, now the Attempt is vain.

I shall be catch'd in the disgraceful Theft.

No, here I will attend my Destiny,

And now, good *Artabazus*, take thy leave.

Ar. How! leave you, Sir, in all this great distress?

Da. Alas! thy stay can do me little good.

'Twill rather hurt me much; encrease my Grief.

If thou hast any pleasure in my sighs,

Continue with me; I have none in thine,

No, we afflict each other; prithee go.

I love to have my Friends share in my joys,

But wou'd have all my sorrows to my self,

And I can best contend with 'em alone.

For Sorrow I perceive's love's solitude,

I prithee take not from me solitude.

Ar. I am not us'd, Sir, to dispute your will.

But I shall never never see you more,

Or at least never till we meet in Heaven.

There is a Heaven, or there are no Gods.

Gods wou'd not suffer so much Misery

In their poor Creatures, but for some great End;

And all this world can never recompence

The sorrows of the least poor honest man.

What shall be done then for a Martyr'd King?

Da. Nay, I confess I look, and long for Death.

Come *Artabazus*—take my last Embrace,

'Tis all I have to give thee for thy love.

Ar. My King! my King!

Da. My ever faithful friend.

Oh! thou art rooting deeper in my heart,

Tear thy self from me, or we cannot part.

Ar. I have not strength to do't—

Da. I cannot part—

Darius King of Persia.

49

Or see thee go——first let me Veil my Face,
And then betake to my last Friend, the Earth,
In whose cold Bosome I shall rest secure;
No Traytors will have Plots upon me there.
Now go.——

*{The King flings his Robe over his
Face, then falls on the ground.*

Ar. Farewell for ever, Sir.

Da. Farewell.

[Ex.

Go all——and as you go, plunder my Tents,

[To the Eunuuchs.

Let not my bloody Murderers be my Heirs.

Better my Gold pay your Fidelity,

Than their base Villany. Go—'tis enough.

Your Faith and Love, have liv'd as long as I.

*{As the Eunuuchs go off, they set up a mournful cry. At which
Bessus, Nabarzanes, and Dataphernes, and their Guards,
rush in upon the King with drawn Swords.*

Be. What means this cry?

Na. Has the King kill'd himself?

Darius rises.

Da. No, Villains; I yet live to punish you,
And lash your Crimes with Crimes, your cowardly
Dissimulation, hellish Cruelty,
Ingratitude more horrid than 'em both,
By the most Barbarous Murder of your King.

Be. Sir, in this noise and storm of Passion,
It is in vain to utter peaceful sounds.

But time, that removes Mountains, calms the Sea,
Will Calm and clear up all; and you, who think
You have receiv'd unpardonable wrong,
Will ask us pardon for the wrong done us.

Da. Oh! insolence!

Na. Sir, you will find this Truth.

Mean while we must go on in this foul way,
To find the Fair; there, Guards, secure the King.

Da. D'e say secure me; and yet call me King?

H

Oh!

Oh! rise in my Revenge and Aid, all Kings! —
 This is your common Cause, I am a King,
 Rise all Mankind, for all Humanity
 Is by these Villains scorn'd, disgrac'd, and curst,
 By what they do to me, their most kind Friend.
 Nay, rise all Gods! your Power suffers in me
 Your Minister, and a deputed God!
 Your Justice suffers, I am Innocent.

Be. Well, Sir, we pray then spare the Innocent,
 Beat not your self, against that Loyal force,
 Which we have built to fortifie your Life.

Na. Yes, Sir, we mean your Service, and we pray
 Force us on no indecent Violence.

We'll treat you Honourably, if you please.

Da. Monsters of Treachery and Ingratitude!

The King is led out by a Guard.

Be. Ho! Dataphernes!

Dat. I am here, my Lord.

Be. I trust the King to you — upon your Life,
 Keep a strong Guard.

Na. That will not be enough,
 Let him be chain'd.

Be. It is not ill advis'd.
 But for the honour that we bear our selves,
 Let's honourably treat his Dignity,
 Since we our selves design to be both Kings.
 Then let us beat Gold Ingots into Chains,
 'Twill give a Lustre to our black attempt.

[Aside to Nabarzanes.]

Na. Th'attempt may appear black; our ends are Fair.

Be. 'Tis true; Sirs, you shall have an Inheritance
 In manly Freedom; your Posterity
 Shall all be born with Titles to themselves
 Now, my brave Friends, plunder the Royal Tents.

[Guards shout.]

Then let us face the *Greeks* and *Persians*,
 And see what they will do.

Na. What dare they do?

Destroy

Destroy the King? for if they stir, he dies.

Bc. 'Tis true, but if they will our Power obey,
We'll do such things, shall give us right to sway:
The right, that only does from Birth proceed,
In my Esteem, springs from a Bastard Breed.
But Vertue is the Offspring of a God,
Vertue alone Legitimizes the Blood. [Ex.

SCENE The Palace.

Enter Barzana and Oronte.

Ba. How! Chain his King? oh! execrable Wretch!
Now I perceive whence springs my horrid Love.
'Tis an unnatural fire rain'd down from Heaven,
To burn a bloody Traytour in his Bed.
I wonder not it never cou'd be quench'd,
I fasted, wept, and pray'd, yet found no cure;
No safety even at the Altars of the Gods;
Love seiz'd me there; and very well it might,
It has, it seems, Commission from the Gods.

Or. Madam, no doubt you have conjectur'd right.
A dreadful storm hangs over your Lord's Head;
So you, the part most tender, feel it first;
For else I know you cou'd controul your Love.
But, oh! it is no more within your Power
Than the day is; for the same reason too
'Tis hurry'd on by Heaven.

Ba. I'm apt to think
All Love is Fate, the Will and Choice of Heaven
Compelling ours. But Fate, to conquer me,
Has in brave *Memnon* gather'd, for its aid,
All the Perfections that can be in man.
Now, who can stand under so great a force?
'Tis true, I know my Temper is so firm,
Not all the Love and Excellence on Earth,
Can ever melt me down to one loose thought.
But yet the pain and sorrow of my Love,

Will throw me into the Grave

Or. No, Madam, not

Your Love will wear away by length of time

Ba. Oh, never! *Memnon's* Charms are Powers Divine,

To punish the ill Father by the Son;

And I must love whilst Heavens anger lasts:

For ought I know, to all Eternity.——— [*Knocking.*

Knocking? I'm overheard.

[*Oronte runs to the door.*

Or. Lord *Memnon's* here,

Ba. Undone! undone.

Thou hast betray'd——betray'd me——

Or. No, indeed.

Ba. Thou hast, thou false, thou wicked cruel wretch:

Not Heaven it self can make me happy now,

Except by falling on my cursed head,

Fall on me, Heaven; sink beneath me, Earth;

Any thing swallow me, but Infamy.

But I will stop its course, cost what it will.

Who is there?———

Enter a Woman.

Wo. Madam.

Ba. Run, and call your Lord.

Or. Hold, Madam, hold——oh! do not take our Lives,
Before you know our Guilt.

Ba. Is it not plain?

Can he have innocent Affairs with me?

Th' address alone, is highly Criminal.

It wou'd undo my Honour, were it known.

Do *Persian* Ladies, that regard their Fame,

Hold any secret Entercourse with Men?

No, no——he comes to do his Father wrong;

And has it seems a secret hope I'll yield.

Whence cou'd he have this hope, but from thy self?

Thou hast half cur'd my heart, I hate you both,

And I'm resolv'd, his Father shall know all.

Or. Oh! Madam, hold——indeed I'm innocent——

Ba. What brings him hither then?

Or. I do not know.

Yet

Yet now I call to mind, perhaps my Lord,
Has cast him off in compliment to you,
(He said he wou'd) and now Lord Memnon's come
To beg your Intercession.

Ba. That may be.

It is well thought; I'm griev'd I've censur'd him.
Now I will see him; but I am afraid
I shall be all Confusion, and let fall
That port of Honour, I wou'd fain maintain.
Reach me a Veil to guard my Eyes and Heart,
And cover my disorders what I can.
Now call him in.

[She veils and seats her.

[Or. brings in Memnon.

Or. Madam, my Lord, is here.

Ba. My Lord, I'm to your Valour so oblig'd,
I'm in confusion with the sence of it:
I am now discompos'd; and cannot give
Your Visit, the Reception it deserves:
Pray, if you have any Commands for me,
Express your will, that I may know my own.
For I shall serve my self, by serving you.

Me. Here's more Encouragement! Good Gods be prais'd!

[Aside.

Madam, when Fortune——Heavens! how I shake?

[Aside.

When Fortune gave me——pray be not displeas'd——
The Glory Kings wou'd purchase with their Crowns,
To save your Honour, Liberty, and Life;
She blest the Universe, but ruin'd me,
By hopeless Love for you.

Ba. Oh! thou false Wretch.

[Ba. rises in Anger, and flings off her Veil.

Nay, stir not, trust my Mercy you had best.
My Lord, I thought not to hear this from you,
So fam'd for every Vertue as you are,
I sooner shou'd have fear'd the fall of Heaven;
That I shall look for now, nothing is strange!
And better Heaven fall, than Innocence.
Therefore be gone, and think of me no more,
Or else, I will acquaint your Father all.

[To Or.

Me. Madam,

Me. Madam, 'tis done already; e're I came
I told him all, and had his free consent.

Ba. Oh! horror! now 'tis worse than I believ'd!

[*Aside.*

This Traytrefs has inform'd my Husband all,
And he, in rage, has flung me off to Hell.
Did he consent you shou'd address to me?

Me. No, Madam, not to your fair self by name.
I do not know your name.

Ba. Not know my Name?

Me. No, Madam, when I met you in the Field,
Love and Amazement took up all my Sence,
Had I been told your Name, I had not known.
The Enemy and Night then parted us;
And a long Night it was; I saw no day
'Till here, this happy Morning, I saw you,
I found my Father, told him what befell.
He gave me a full grant to make you mine,
Be what you wou'd.

Or. Now, Madam, was I false?—

[*Aside to Barzana.*

Ba. I am more wretched than I was before.
I have found Treasure which I cannot keep,
The Love of him I love, is now my grief,
For I am forc'd to cast it all away.
I must discover to him, who I am.
Alas! my Lord, this Love is but a Dream,
Your Heart receiv'd my Image as it past;
Remove the face, the shadow vanishes;
Leave me, your Love is gone.
Be't as it will,

All Heaven and Earth is plac'd between us two.
For, to be plain with you, I am a Wife.

Me. Madam, I will acknowledge a bold Truth,
I fought you much, but Guide I cou'd have none.
For you are far above description.

Chance brought me hither, when the wanton winds
Open'd the folding doors, and shew'd me you.

My Soul retir'd in a Religious awe,
But your enchanting words soon brought her back.

I heard your own inspiring Love for me.

Madam, would you do that, were you a Wife?

Ba. Oh! *I* shall blush to Death.

[*Aside* to *Or.*]

Or. Good, Madam, why?

He knows not who you are; you did not say,

You are his Father's wife——

[*Aside.*]

Ba. 'Tis very true——

[*Aside.*]

What, held my tongue? But, oh! he knows too much,

He knows my Love, more he shall never know.

I'd rather burn in any fire, than shame.

I will get free, then, like a Vision,

I'll vanish hence, and never be heard of more.

Me. Oh! Madam, *I* perceive you are disturb'd.

Ba. Indeed, My Lord, y've given me great Offence.

Me. Alas! *I* fear my self am the Offence.

Why shou'd you be asham'd of innocent Love?

Unless you be asham'd of him you Love.

Oh! is it so with ine?

Ba. Y've made it now

Indecent to consider what you are.

And if you have not, your ill Father has.

Your wicked Father has destroy'd your hopes.

Me. Oh! must *I* suffer for my Father's faults?

Ba. And must *I* suffer for your Father's faults?

I am a Princess o'the Royal Blood,

And if *I* League with you, *I* cast away

My Fortune, Conscience, Honour, nay my Life,

Nay both shall die,——and by your Father's hand.

Me. Oh! Madam, *I* am sure that fear is vain.

Pray send for him, *I* know he'll give consent.

Ba. Oh! horror——horror!——

Me. Madam, do not fear.

Run for my Father.

Ba. Will you murder me?

All of the Royal Race will seek my Life,

If *I* be known to love your Father's Son.

Me. Madam, we'll fly to the Brave Enemy.

Ba. *I* fly away in secret with a man,

And with the Son of the King's Enemy.

Shou'd my Friends pardon me, yet *I* shou'd dye

With

With Shame, and Horror. And I'm much displeas'd
 You shou'd embrace such shameful thoughts o'me,
 And I even scorn you, for your loving me,
 Since you believe I have no more desert.

Me. Madam your merit seems so great to me,
 As gives a Grace to every thing you do.
 You can do nothing will appear a fault.
 Madam, I'll do such things to serve the King,
 As will conceal, the faults of my ill Birth.

Ba. You can do nothing; Nature binds your hands.
 Will you destroy your Father's horrid thought!
 Yet if you do not, he destroys the King.
 That Hell surrounds you; 'tis impossible
 To come at you, but through all Misery.
 And why shou'd you desire such ill to me?
 Then go, if you'd preserve my Love or Life.
 Your stay will but incurr my Mortal hate,
 Nay, perhaps bring my Blood upon your head.

Me. The Gods forbid, I'll rather sink to Hell.

Ba. Then go, whilst I have one kind thought of you.
 And my kind thoughts are all you shall enjoy.

Me. All this I fear'd, expected, almost wish'd.
 So much I tender you above my self.

For my ill Father's Son, must look for Plagues,
 They are my Birthright, and Inheritance.
 And I shou'd be most cruel and unjust,
 If I shou'd seek to fix 'em upon you.

No, Madam, fly our cursed House, and me.
 Your generous Loyalty, I praise and love,
 Though 'tis the Sword of Heaven to cut me off.
 Well, Madam, I will take my self away.

Nay, more, I beg you'll throw me from your thoughts,
 That I may ne're be trouble to you more.

Ba. Now he goes nearer to my heart than ever.

[*Aside.*

'Tis dangerous to see, or hear him more;
 And cruelty to send him bleeding hence,
 Without some Balm—
 My Lord, I were unjust

To

To love you least when you deserve it most.
No, no, you ever shall possess my thoughts;
And Heaven that made me, has no more of me.

Me. Oh! Madam, many thousand thousand thanks
For this Compassion; though 'twill be no more
Than a fair Monument, o're a dead Wretch.

Ba. Oh! I have held my violent Grief till now,
To make our parting ease as I cou'd.
But now I've lost all power o're my self,
And if you longer stay, I shall fall dead.
Go, if y'ave pity for your self, or me.

Me. I go——I go——and now can easier go.
Your kind Tears comfort me——oh! wretched me!
The grief of her I love, is all my joy.
And now a long farewell——my Love was born,
In a most fatal Field, in Deaths dark shades,
And it will ne're have Health till it repair
To Death again; its Mournful Native Air——

[Exit.

Ba. He's gone! and I shall never see him more.
I must not, will not, dare not, see him more.
I'll fly if possible all thoughts of him;
All knowledge of my self——Poor Womankind——
Heaven for our ruin, gifts on us bestows,
Charms to allure, no Power to oppose.
In Passion we are strong, in Reason weak,
Constant alone, to error and mistake,
In Vertue feign'd, in Vanity sincere;
Witty in Sin, and for Damnation fair.

[Exeunt Omnes.

ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE A Garden.

Enter Memnon.

Me. O H! I am blasted in my Bloom of Youth,
 And more miserable for my Birth.—
 For the more Years and Life I have to come,
 The larger Fields of Misery and Shame,
 Have my unhappy Father sowed for me.
 Well——I will trouble nothing but my self.
 I'll wander from my Friends, my Fortunes, Hopes—
 Then like a Plumeet pluck'd from the Line,
 I will sink down in deep obscurity,
 Where never more shall trace be found of me.
 Ha!——oh! my Heart! the Princess comes this way.

Enter Darius and Oromasdes.

Comes like a sudden spring on my dead hopes,
 And forces 'em, methinks, into new Life.
 Something, methinks, should have stopp'd my way,
 And tells me, she and I must never part.

Ba. Where is the Chamber?

Or. At the Garden gate.

Ba. Come then away—Oh! Heavens! Memnon here!

Turn from him quickly.

Me. Hold, dear Madam, hold.

Ba. My Lord, what mean you? thirst you for my Blood?

Me. Oh! Madam, do not entertain those fears.

Ba. Do not you entertain false dangerous hopes.

Your Father has this minute, left the Field.

Me. But not his Love to me.

Ba. You'll find him quit

His Love to you, and all Humanity,

If he shou'd catch you, seeking Leagues with me.
I fear he's at the Palace Window now.
Oh! if he be, this minute is our last.

Me. These are vain terrours; oh! wou'd he were here.
This Minute were the last of all our Griefs.
But oh! the first of our Immortal Joys.
And something in me says, it will be so.
Methinks I have a sight of Paradise.

Ba. Oh! you speak Oracles——methinks in you
A voice from Heaven has Prophesied our death.
The Pangs of Death, already seize my Heart.
I tremble, swear, and I've scarce Breath to speak.
Know there is yet another stronger Cause.
Than any I have nam'd, why we must part.

Me. Another Cause?

Ba. Oh! do not enquire what.
If you take any joy in loving me,
For when I've told you, you must love no more,
If you have any tenderness for me;
When I have told you, I shall speak no more.
The secret will tear out my heart——Oh! fly——

If you would love, or live, or have me live.
Me. Y'ave stunn'd me so——I have no strength to stir.

Ba. Oh! he will loyter till his Father comes.
The Gods will bate my Passion, no disgrace.
Know, I'm a Wife, my more, your Father's Wife.
He faints——he faints——Now shou'd his Father come——
And find him in my Arms.

[Me. faints, Ba. runs to him and supports him.]

Or. Madam, he's come.

Ba. Oh! horror we are lost——my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Bessus——who seeing Me, in Barzana's Arms, draws.

Me. recovers, Barzana runs to hold Bessus.

Be. Oh! Villain.

Ba. Oh! my Lord——

Be. Oh! Impudent!

And foolish Whore! wilt thou proclaim thy Name?

And murder him, thou hast a mind to save?

Had

Had he a thousand lives, how he should dye.

Ba. Oh! hear me first.

Be. Hear thee encrease thy sins;

By falsehood 'tis not Incest Crime enough;

I saw you from the Palace, meet, Careless

And is not this your second meeting?

I will provide for you a third meeting place;

In Death and Hell—thou frightful Monster—dye.

[wounds Me, who falls;

Ba. Unnatural Parricide! dire Regicide!—

Be. The fitter match for an incestuous Wife.

Me. My Lord, you wrong us; we are innocent.

I lov'd—but knew her not—the banish'd me—

I was now going to obey her doom;

When Heaven contriv'd this Meeting for our Death,

We sought it not—for ever to prevent

All future Meetings, she reveal'd her self.

Then did I sink to Death, under surprize,

And horror, for my faulty unfortunate Love;

Which is more trouble to me, than this Death.

Oh! I had rather have a thousand Deaths

Got by misfortune, than your ill-got Crown—

[Dyes.

Ba. Oh! he has told thee truth—thou Murderer.

He was too excellent! for all the Gods

Thought him a God; and took him to themselves.

And I will follow him; yes I will do't.

And we will revel to Eternity;

And it shall be the chiefest of our Joies,

To be the chief of thy Eternal Plagues.

Be. A damp goes to my Heart; I am afraid

I've been too rash: I wish this were undone.

Come take her to my Chariot—

Ba. Touch me not.

The Gods be prais'd I've found my Dagger now.

I'll go another way.

Be. Sh's stab'd her self.

Call help—I'll have her live if possible.

Ba. I have help here:

Be. Horror! she tears her wound.

Hold——hold——her hands.

Ba. Then I will hold my Breath.

Bc. Is this thy Vertue? thou, who canst commit
This most unnatural sin against thy self,
Woudst not refuse thy self a sweeter Crime.

Ba. Indeed, I'm sorry for this sinful Death,
I woud shun Hell, if only to shun thee.
Hell purg'd by Fire, has less Offence than thou.

Bc. Oh! thou art most ungrateful to my Love,
I have more Love for thee, than words can speak.

Ba. I am glad of it, then 'twill be thy Plague.
And to encrease it, know I'm innocent,
So was thy Noble Son; he fought my Love,
But knew me not, for I conceal'd my self.
Cause he had found my secret Love for him.
And then I cou'd not shew my blushing face.

Bc. You lov'd him then it seems?——

Ba. That I confess,
I lov'd him, but it was e're-I was thine.
Since that I did subdue my self for thee.
Reveal'd my self, and banish'd him for ever.
And he was taking his Eternal leave,
When thou, (oh! Murderer!) tookst his Innocent Life.

Bc. If this be true.——

Ba. 'Tis true; they're my last words.
All my past Life, is evidence enough,
And so is that of thy most excellent Son.
For had he any other fault but thee?
And I had less, my Birth was Glorious.
Yet has my Life, honour'd my Royal Birth.
And now I hope my Death will crown my Life.
It has some sin which you, good Gods, forgive.
Your Justice has had Honour by my fall.
Oh! honour now the Vertuous part o' me,——
My Soul——you know I never sin'd in will;
Only in Blood, and that foul Blood I spill.

Bc. Oh! horror! horror!

[Dye.

Enter

Darius King of Persia.

Enter Nabarzanes.

Na. How now? why this rage?

Be. Look there.

Na. Your belov'd Son and Wife in blood?

Amazing! how came this?

Be. No matter how.

They're dead, and I am curs'd; nay, I am forc'd

To curse the Vertues of my Son and Wife.

The Worlds great Blessings were my Miseries.

Na. I'm glad o'this; they did divide your Soul,

And cut the Stream into small Rivulets,

It could not bear the Burdens o'the State.

Now 'twill be all united in the Crown.

Enter Dataphernes.

Dat. My Lord, the Enemy, the Enemy.

Be. What Enemy?

Dat. The Macedonians,
And Alexander.

Be. Alexander? ha!

Na. How do you know?

Dat. We had it from our Scouts.

But go upon the Mountains, you may see

The Spirit of that Monarch in his March.

He wings along the Air in Clouds of Dust,

And does not march, but fly.

Be. Bring out the King.

Na. Ha! what to do?

Be. What else, but take his Life?

I will not dye in Complement to him;

Spare him a Guard, when we want men our selves.

I've bath'd my Sinews in my Son's hot Blood;

Now they are strong enough for any thing.

Na. Hold——hold——you are too hot, let him alone.

If we shou'd barbarously Butcher him,

The Crime will have such a grim Gasty face,

The basest Persian Cowards, will be scar'd

Out

Out of their Natures into something Brave,
Cowards oft by flying, into Valour fly.
Our Friends will leave us, and our Enemies
Fly in our Faces.

Be. True, what shall we do?

Na. Tempt him so yield.

Be. I know he scorns so do.

Na. We will deceive him by feign'd Penitence.

Be. I do not find him easily deceiv'd.

Na. Let's make a Trial; if he'll not be gain'd,
We'll murder him unknown to any one;
Besides our selves, and then give out he yields,
And what we do is by his own Command.

Be. 'Tis well advis'd——draw up our Troops with speed;
[To Data.

And then give out the King and we are friends. [Ex.

SCENE A Prison.

Enter King in Chains of Gold.

Da. A King; a Persian King, chain'd by his Slaves;
The Slaves he once so favour'd and so lov'd;
Oh! the amazing Villanies of men,
And stupifying Patience of the Gods!
The gracious Gods seem only infinite,
In suffering ill, and man doing it.
Man therefore is most fear'd, and most obey'd.
My Murderers come; my greifs are near their end.

Enter Bessus and Nabarzanes.

Na. Now if these Chains weigh the Kings Spirit down
To our desires, we shall be legal Rogues.—— [Aside.

Be. What is it spirits me away to fear?
He's in my Chains, yet I am in his Power.

Na. I find it so with me; I've fought my way
Through bravest men, why am I fear'd by dreams?

Let's

Let's kneel, and speak to him.

Be. Well, do you speak.
I am an ill Dissembler.

Na. Royal Sir——

[*Kneels.*]

We humbly beg you, lend a gracious Ear
To your poor Slaves, by your hard Fortune thrown,
On th'only things we fear; on infamy,
Your Anger, and a seeming horrid Crime;
Though what we did, was all in Loyalty.

Be. 'Tis true; we saw Fate quarrel with you, Sir.
And so we came between to part the fray.

Da. Oh! you poor Wretches, how I pity you?
Could you have fallen thus miserably in fight,
There you had been the Envy of the Brave.
Now y'are the scorn of all. As to my self,
Y'ave given me endless rest. The greatest weight
Hangs on these Chains, is your ingratitude.
Oh! how have I deserv'd all this from you?

Be. You have deserv'd no ill, and shall have none.

Ba. Indeed I do not know the man I've wrong'd;
Bring him, I'll give him power to take my Life.

If I've offended, 'twas against my self.

In all my Kingdom, I was the sole Slave.

I toil'd the most, and most observ'd the Laws.

The great Prerogative, I most desir'd,
Was to be uncontroul'd in doing Good.

If I gave fear, it was to Potent Kings.

I was in danger most, in Pleasure least.

My Luxury lay all in my Fair Queen.

My sole Intemperance was my Love to her.

My Love and Grief for her, admit no bounds.

And oh! how have I Lov'd and Favour'd you?

I gave you Kingdoms, and with greater Joy

Than you receiv'd 'em——oh! methoughts I gain'd,

What I gave you, and these are my Rewards.

You murder me, who would have dy'd for you.

Alas! It is your fault, I am not dead.

Na. Indeed we mean you Good; and do no more

Than what Priests in Devotion do to Gods.

Who fasten 'em from falling, or flight.

We fear'd your flight to Mercenary Greeks,
Or falling into Macedonian Power.

And, Sir, to shew how much we honour you,
We have given shining Pomp to Misery,
Since 'tis become a Waiter on our King.

Be. And if you'll pardon us, and favour us,
We'll make you greater than you ever were.

Da. I favour Treason! I assume your Guilt!

I'll rather bravely dye, then basely Reign.

Indeed my Children are most dear to me,
But for that cause, I will not taint their Blood,

And make the Children of a King, become

The Children of a Traytour to a King.

I can, and will be great without your help.

Yes, in these Chains, I'll triumph over you;

I will Reign o're you when y'ave murder'd me;

In my Grave punish you. All Kings and Gods

Will be the Ministers of my Revenge,

And execute what e're my Blood commands.

Na. We lose our time——come, strike.

Be. I will, and home.——

[*They wound Darius, who falls.*]

Na. So, this is a great work; but common Spirits

Ha' not reception for things great and high.

Let us not trust, 'em with this spectacle.

Ho! Guard.

Enter a Guard.

Guard. My Lord!

Na. The King has Kill'd himself.

We fear false Tongues will lay his Blood to us.

Therefore conceal his Death, till the fight's past,

As you regard your Lives. In the mean while,

Cover the Body in a Waggon close,

That it may pass for Baggage; drive it then

Into some private place, out of all Roads,

And kill the Horses, lest they wander thence.

[*Guard carry out Darius.*]

Be. Now let us to the Field; for there's our Doom,

K

Our

Our Innocence, or Treason is to come.
 It is success makes innocence a sin;
 And there is nothing, but a Sword between.
 If th' end be glorious, glorious is the way;
 They alwaies have the Cause, who have the day.

S C E N E A Field.

*A noise of a Battel. After shouts. Enter Artabazus, Patron and
 Greeks dragging Bessus and Nabarzanes.*

Pa. Oh! thank you, for this Justice, you good Gods.

Ar. Go to King *Alexander*; let him know
 The Gods have given the Traytors to our Swords.
 Let us enjoy Revenge for our King's Blood,
 And then he shall command our Swords and Lives.

Pa. Oh! that the King enjoy'd it! where have you
 Conceal'd his Body; you damn'd Regicides?

Enter Persians.

Per. My Lord, my Lord, the King——

Ar. What of the King?

Per. He's found; a *Macedonian* Officer,
 By help of *Persian* Guides, searching a Spring
 To quench his Thirst, after the heat of fight;
 He in the woods saw a poor Waggon stray,
 Drawn by faint dying Horses stuck with Darts:
 And looking in it, found a dying man
 Gor'd in his Blood; which prov'd to be our King.

Ar. Horror! he lives!——let us away, away,
 That he may see Revenge before he dyes.

Pa. And we will weigh him out exact revenge.
 Here chain, and cut 'em as they did their King.

[*Ex.*

The

The Scene is drawn, a Waggon appears. The Horses bloody, and full of Darts, some falling, others fallen. Polystratus and Persians support Darius, who is Bloody and Faint.

Pol. Run, run for help, while we will bind his wounds.

Da. Ha! who art thou?

Pol. A Macedonian, Sir.

Da. My Enemy so kind?

Pol. A Gallant Man

Fights out of Love to Duty and Renown;
And loves and honours a brave Enemy.

Da. What is thy name?

Pol. 'Tis Polystratus, Sir.

Da. Brave Man; more kind to me, than my Friends are.
These were the Presents of my once dear Friends,
Bessus and Nabarzanes.

Pol. Hellish Dogs.

Da. 'Tis no small comfort in my wretched State,
My grateful dying thoughts will not be lost.
Tell thy brave King, I dye deep in his Debt.
I never once oblig'd him in the least,
And he has nobly treated all my Friends.
My Mother, Brother, Children, my Fair Queen.
Granted their Lives, and Royal Splendour too,
They scarce cou'd tell they were unfortunate.
When my near Kindred, and once Bosome Friends,
On whom I Life, and Kingdoms have bestow'd,
Have plunder'd me of all. Oh! tell thy King,
I beg the Gods, for Universal Good,
To make him Monarch o' the Universe.
And for the common Cause of all Crown'd Heads,
I challenge the Revenge due to my Blood.

Pol. Sir, it will be reveng'd, your Murderers
Are in the hands of your most Faithful Slaves.

Da. I'm glad on't; for the sake of all Mankind.
Pity the Sea has bounds, if Sin has none.

Darius King of Persia.

Better men sunk in Sea, than Villany.
 I'm faint, and thirsty; I but lately saw
 Some drinking at a Spring, not far from hence.
 A little Water wou'd refresh me much.

Pol. Sir, it was I, you shall have some with speed.

[*Pol. fetches the King water in his Helmet,
 the King drinks.*]

Da. How vainly do we pity Poverty!
 The Gods sit at the Table o' the Poor,
 And turn their Water to delicious Wine.
 Never had I, in pompous Luxury,
 Such Pleasure, as this draught o' water yields.
 But Fortune does pursue me to the last.
 I'm forc'd to beg even Water for my Thirst,
 And though a King, I cannot pay for it.
 But *Alexander* will; — give me thy hand.
 Prethee for me touch *Alexander's* hand.
 The sole remaining Pledge I have to give,
 For all my grateful Love, to that brave Prince. [*Dyes.*]

Pol. He's gone! he's gone! and it is well he's so.
 Oh! wretched Prince, whose Happiness is Death.
 Let's bear the Sacred Body to our King;
 For he will give it Royal Funerals.

[*Ex. Poly. and Persians with the Body. Enter another
 way, Artabazus, Patron, Persians, Greeks; with
 Bessus, and Nabarzanes, chain'd and wounded.*]

Per. Here is the Spring, the King's not far from hence.

Ar. Oh! no! — for see the ground all stain'd with Blood.
 And no doubt Royal Blood, let us pursue
 The dreadful track, 'twill bring us to the King.

Pa. 'Twill bring these Villains to Damnation.

Enter a Persian.

2 Per. My Lord, I met the *Macedonians*
 With the King's Body, and the King is dead.

Ar. Oh! Prince, the best, and yet most wrong'd of men.
 What Joy and Glory did he not deserve!
 And yet what Misery did he not endure?
 And now deny'd the comfort of Revenge.

Pa.

Darius King of Persia.

69

Pa. Perhaps he may enjoy it after Death.
Oh Royal Shade! if yet thou be'st not fled
To blest Abodes, bear this detested place,
But while we entertain thee with Revenge.
Drink sweet Revenge, till thy great sorrows Sleep.
Then thou, and all good things, fly hence for ever.
Here take these Monsters, torture 'em to Death.
Ha! pleasing Harmony! hear you it not? [*Soft Musick.*]

Ar. Yes, with great Admiration; for methinks
This is no time, or place for such delight.

Pa. A Sence of the Kings Murder, seems impress
On Beasts and Plants, and every thing but those
Who threw at once their King and Nature off.
Lyons come roaring from their Caves, then dy'd.
The Cedars groan'd, then fell. Th'Earth deeply tore
Her Bowels, and then wept a bloody Spring.
Streight all the Plants and Flowers droop'd, and dy'd.
They must be most unnatural Villains then,
That now find Pleasure, but none such are near.

Enter a Persian.

Per. My Lord, the Traytours are in Torments Dead.

[*The Scene is drawn, and the Carcasses of Bessus and Nabarzanes are seen, hung in Chains, and stuck with Darts, a Guard attending. At another part o' the Stage, is seen the Ghost of Darius brightly habited.*]

Pa. Oh! now I see the Cause, of these Divine
Miraculous Sounds; I see the King, the King,
More Lively than he ever was in's Life,
More Pompous than in all his Royal Pomp.

Ar. I see him—and my Spirit, rais'd with joy,
Ascends to meet him—happy Vision.
Vertue triumphing over Villany.

Pa. The Royal Shadow smiles and points to 'em——

Ar. This is the difference 'tween the good and bad.
Death shews it truly, Life is a false light,
But the true Diamond, appears by Night,

[*Ex.*
The

80
The EPILOGUE, spoke by her
that acts *Bargana*.

O UR Peer fears he too much Blood has shed,
So I am come to shew I am not dead.
My Part, will all the wanton Masks displease;
That's half the Pit, and all the Galleries.
Rather than take into my Breast a Fair,
And brave young Lover, thrust a Dagger there!
You put your Bosomes to another use,
'Tis a vile Pagan Custome I produce.
Pagans may rather dye, than be debauch'd,
Good Christians Sin, to be well Kept and Coach'd.
Besides, to kill my self for Love, I fear
Will to you Sparks improbable appear,
Who in side Boxes daily crowd, and there
Plant all your murdering shot against the Fair,
Four Teer of Beaus, ore one another plac'd,
And each one hopes to kill a Box at least.
And yet with all this terrible design,
Sink not one Heart, only the Playhouse Coyn.
How you look down with scorn on a Pit Beau?
The Wretch into his Grave does living go.
The Lord may have some Mercy on his Ghost,
Bus as for his poor Body, that's quite lost.
Now our side Boxes are a Smithfield grown,
Where Town and Country Nags for Sale are shown.
Where any Lady may her humour fit,
With a tall Palfrey, or a little Tit.

And

EPILOGUE.

*And yet I do not hear the Ladies buy;
 Nay, Sirs, they towards you hardly cast an Eye.
 The Ladies nobly pay the House their due,
 Why shou'd they give four Shillings to see you?
 Not all your Faces are worth half the Sum,
 Get Flags and Trumpets, and try who will come.
 The Images of Virtue, we have shewn,
 We know will please you Hero's o' the Town,
 And Heroines, because they are your own.
 In Gallant faithful Patron, and my dear
 Lov'd Memnon, you brave men of Arms appear.
 The Ladies in Barzana, see your Face,
 Of their fair minds, but in no flattering Glass.
 All love to see themselves; the foul will stare
 In Glasses, though they meet with Goblins there.
 But all the little hopping fluttering Sparks,
 You catch with Glasses, as you do the Larks.
 Place a fair Glass directly in the eye
 Of a young Beau, he never can pass by.
 Young Souldiers discipline their Graces there,
 Face to the right, the left, then as you were.
 [She combs first o're the right Shoulder, then
 o're the left, then sets her Cravat Strings.
 We pray all daily to this Glass repair.*

F I N I S.